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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

S. K. L. AND G. E. E., EDITORS PRO TEM.

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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

THE FIRE-SIDE MISSIONARY; ADDRESSED TO THE LABORING CLASSES OF A CITY. RESTING BY THE WELL. BY THE REV. J. JOHNS.

You may have often read, my friends, the 4th chapter of St. John's Gospel, without thinking that it contained anything in which you had any direct personal interest. The statement of the Evangelist, that 'Jesus being wearied with his journey sat thus on the well,' may have appeared to you to convey no meaning, that might stir up the fountains of the heart, or awaken the history of the past. Yet there *is* such a meaning in these words. There are other journeys than those which we make with our feet; and there are other wearinesses than those which affect our bodily limbs and organs. One of these journeys, my friends, is the journey of Life. Few have ever made it long, and not felt it sometimes weary. Few have known no disappointments, and felt no sorrows. Few have been so fortunate, (I use the word in its earthly sense,) as to have realized all that they hoped, and gained all that they sought, and possessed all that they desired. And if these things were even so, (as I believe that they cannot be,) I know, my friends, that it is not in a condition like yours, that any rational man would look for those privileged beings, to whom disasters and disappointments were known only by name. I know enough of the history of many in your station, to be assured that I am addressing a number of my fellow-creatures, whose feet have often bled with the roughness of the way, and whose hearts have often grown faint under the trials of their journey. You now see, my friends, to what point I am applying the passage of Scripture referred to, or rather, about to apply it. In my eyes, and now perhaps in your own, this passage is one which is full of deep and dear concernment to you all. Yes, my Christian friends, *to you all*,—for where is he among you who can stand forth and say, that he has 'no portion in it;' that, thus interpreted, it awakens no echoes in his heart, stirs up no recollections of the past, gives no tinge of sadness to his visions of the earthly future?—We are all, my friends, wayfarers, who, like our blessed Master, have sometimes been 'wearied with the journey.' We have all known what sorrow is. We have all felt the keen edge of disappointment. Many of us have suffered from the losses of the grave, and most of us from the unkindness or thoughtlessness of the world. We have known the pangs of an aching heart; we have known, too, what it is to suffer from sickness and privation. In some cases, it may be, that other sources of pain have been opened within us by our own neglect or misconduct, and have poured their bitter waters over the days of other years. Under all these circumstances, my friends, how sweet, how divinely sweet, is the thought, that we have a Well by which to sit and rest ourselves, when, like our blessed Lord, we may be weary with the pains and difficulties of the journey; that we have a Well from whose living and regenerating waters we may not only draw immediate comfort and refreshment, but the hope that is full of immortality, and 'the rest that remaineth for the people of God!' How sweet to think, that in all these situations, there are blessings in the Gospel to make up for all the bitternesses of the world! When earthly sorrow comes upon us,—or when the *substance* of it being passed away like a cloud, the *shadow* of it continues to hang upon us, and to darken us still,—how sweet it is to turn to those prospects of pure and perfect joy, which are revealed to the Children of Light in the mansions of their Father! When the iron of disappointment has entered into our souls, how consoling is it to turn to those holy and heavenly pages, which teach us the usefulness of all that we suffer, and the need that we have of those events which pain us! When the world has been unkind, or the worldly have been unthankful, how doubly and trebly endeared to us should be those words of grace and truth, which point us to that better, even that heavenly land, where we shall 'know even as we are known,' and where there shall be no aching heart under the white garments of salvation! And so on, my friends, of all the evils, or what we *call* evils, to which I have referred, and of those also which I have left to your own thoughts to recall. Above all, my friends, when the shadow of death has fallen upon our homes and our hearts; when we have seen, perhaps, the strong laid low in their strength, the beloved in their sweetness, or the innocent in their beauty; how unutterably precious and dear then become to us those words of holy promise and of heavenly hope, which breathe over the grave and the heart, the peace, the light, and the spirit of eternity! Where is then the wayfarer, who is not disposed, as he 'sits by the Well' of Salvation, 'wearied with his journey,' to lift up his heart in solemn thankfulness for the Grace, which has ministered so richly to the deepest and darkest needs of suffering and yearning mortality?

Oh, think not, my friends, that all such things are over. You may have many scars and many wounds in your hearts from the arrows of Affliction and Trial;—but do not think that they have yet exhausted their quivers. Life will be consistent with itself to the last. Your remaining blessings will be embittered by bereavements; your future joys will be purchased at the price of many pains. But why do I say this? Only, my dear friends, that I may endeavor to prevail upon you to provide your consolations against the hour of affliction,—your comforts against the hour of disappointment,—your refuge and support against the hour of bereavement. The sorrows themselves will not *produce* their consolations. It is by providing against them with Christian views, that you must turn them, when they come upon you, to Christian ends. You must acquire the views which make of the bitter wells of the world, 'wells of water springing up unto everlasting life.' Nothing else can turn their bitterness into sweetness. Nothing else can fill what is earthly with what is of heaven. Nothing else can provide you against the hours when you shall be wearied with your journey, with those divine and saving refreshments, which turn all that human weakness recoils from, into issues over which the angels rejoice in Heaven.

Most of you, my friends, belong to that class which has many sufferings connected with it,—though not, I trust, for ever entailed upon it;—and willingly would I enforce upon *you*, in a more affectionate and particular way, the lesson to be drawn from this part of scripture, in the view which we have now been taking of it. You have to work for your daily bread, and even sometimes to know the aggravated misery of wanting work to earn it. You want many of what are considered the comforts, and occasionally some of the necessaries of life; and your places of abode may be dark and damp, and narrow and unwholesome. You may live in dwellings where the sunbeams can never enter, and where the air itself comes to you laden with taints and vapors, which cannot at least communicate to you the clear health and cheerful spirits of other scenes and days. You may want fuel for the fire, you may want clothing for the limbs; you may want covering for the bed. None, my brethren, can feel more painfully than I do, for these, the wants and privations of your outward condition. None, I am sure, would labor more cheerfully and more untiringly for the removal of these wants and the suppliance of these privations, and for bringing back some degree of sufficiency and comfort to your dwellings. But these wants, these privations, I pity far less than those which you have power to inflict upon yourselves, by learning to do evil and ceasing to do well, by turning aside from the paths of duty and of piety, by throwing from you the light burthen and easy yoke of religion, and making those dark abodes yet darker, by shutting out from them the visitings of the light of Heaven. Oh, my friends, for whatever I may have to pity you, let me not have to pity you for such things as these! Spare me, spare yourselves, spare your Savior,—and let me not be misunderstood when I say to you, *spare your* God,—the pity which looks upon those who will not be saved, who walk in the lusts of their hearts, and in the desires of their eyes, who say to the Almighty, Depart from us, and What hath God done for us? He has done much for you *all*, my friends: he has not left you, nor forsaken you. He 'has not left you comfortless,'—though perhaps you do not feel, or feel less than you might and ought, his 'comforts delighting your souls in the multitude of your thoughts within you.' You have Him to turn to when you have nothing else: but He, my friends, is 'ALL IN ALL.' 'If God be for us, who can be against us?' We may have earthly darkness around us—but what is that, if we have Heaven's own pure and blessed light *within* us? We may be wearied, like our great Master, with our journey—but what is that, if we can sit by the Well of Salvation, and draw from it the living water that springeth up into everlasting life? We may have wants, and sorrows, and infirmities, and diseases—but what are all these, if we have the grace of God to support, and His Providence to guide us, and the promises of His Eternal Word to give 'rest unto our souls?' It is a mistake, my friends, a great and wretched mistake, to think that sufferings and blessings are incompatible things—that the bitterest well of Marah that ever was tasted by a human lip, may not feed with its waters the roots of the tree whose branches, when thrown into it, shall turn all its bitterness into sweetness. There are joys which are sweetest in tears; there are hopes which are brightest in sorrow; there are gains which are greatest in our losses;—and those joys, those hopes, those gains, relate not to the perishishing objects of a perishable world, but to those unseen and everlasting abodes, where 'the spirits of the just shall be made perfect,' and where 'they who endure unto the end shall be saved.'

Do not think, then, my friends—or act as if you thought—that God had 'forgotten to be gracious, or in anger shut up His tender mercies' towards you. Forgetfulness and anger are things which we wrongfully and ignorantly ascribe to HIM:—'HE is good to all,' and is 'kind even to the unthankful and to the evil.' He has given us, indeed, a journey which does not always lead over a smooth and sunny road—nay, which is sometimes, and not unfrequently, to be made with an aching foot and under a clouded sun. But is this *all*? Is this *the end*? Is there nothing left to justify His ways to men? May heavenly mercy forgive us, that we feel a moment's need of such justification! But we *have* it, my friends; we do not seek for it in vain. Wanderer of the aching foot, traveller under a clouded sun, wayfarer weary of thy journey over the rough and desert places of this world,—look not down in despondency or in despair; for lo! even now, at thy side, there is a Living Well, by which thou mayst sit and rest, and with whose immortal waters thou mayst calm the fears of thine heart, and quench the thirst of thy soul. Poor and suffering Christian, whose lot has been cast, perhaps, in the darkest places of life, and who wantest many or most of the comforts and supports of this world,—let not thy heart fail thee,—sink not down in despair; look up, and lo! the Well of Life is before thee, by which thou mayst sit and rest, and from which thou mayst drink and live. While *this* is left thee, thou canst not be desolate or forsaken. With the Gospel promises in thy heart, it will be out of the power of any external privations or afflictions utterly and hopelessly to depress thee. If the light be *within* thee, it will be shed upon that which is *round* thee; nor can that soul be altogether disquieted and cast down, which can flee for shelter to 'the rock of ages,' and seek peace and comfort from 'the pure river of water of life, that floweth out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.'

Use, then, your privileges, my Christian friends, like men who know their reality and their value. There is, in fact, nothing else that *is* real or valuable, except through what is reflected upon it through their means and influences. And they are as *necessary*, my friends, as they are real and valuable. The longer you live, the longer, the deeper, the more frequent will be your need of them. It cannot be that, in tracing the path of life, you should not often be 'wearied with your journey;'—but the deeper and dearer is the need that you should open your eyes, like Hagar, to the Well of Water springing up unto everlasting life, which is for ever revealed to you in the Word of God, inviting the pilgrim to rest by its side, and the mourner to drink of its healing and freshening waves. 'Taste,' then, my friends, 'and see that God is good,' when you feel what the promises of His word, and the aids of His grace, can do to minister to you in the hours of earthly suffering and of human desertedness; when 'vain,' or distant, may be the 'the help of man;' when lover and friend may be put far from you, and your acquaintance into darkness.' It is in these very scenes and hours that Religion works with her most gracious power. It is her ministry (and she loves it) to make 'the wilderness and the solitary place to be glad, and the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose.' It is her ministry (and she loves it) to pour light upon the darkened heart, and to give strength to the wearied foot, and to shed comfort upon the afflicted soul. Try, then, my beloved fellow-believers, what the Gospel can do to *comfort*, as well as to *save* you. Whenever, in your mortal journey, the weariness of nature comes upon you, go and sit by the side of the Well of Water of Life; and when you have sought for its waters in prayer, then drink them in faith, and feel them in love, and acknowledge them in praise.

INVITATIONS TO THE ERRING AND SUFFERING.

Man of Sin, dost thou go saddening
Through the scorpion-paths of pain,
With thine own wild conscience maddening?
Jesus seeks thee, turn again.

Man of Woe, hast thou been straying
Mid lost hopes, endear'd in vain,
Suffering, but alas, not praying?
Jesus calls thee, turn again.

Man of Want, dost thou grope blindly
Through misfortune's dreary reign,
Thinking life was given unkindly?
Jesus loves thee, turn again.

Come! let sin, and want, and sorrow,
Teach their lessons not in vain.
Would ye see a brighter morrow?
Mercy warns ye, turn again.

Hear and haste! let hope embolden;
Break the bonds of fear and pain:
Night is dark, but morning golden—
Glory waits ye, turn again.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Milwaukie, W. T., Feb. 15, 1843.

My Dear Sirs,—Saturday, I was called to attend a funeral and to preach a sermon, at a school house about a mile out of the village. The service was fully attended, and gave me an opportunity of addressing quite a number, who would not be likely to hear me on any other occasion.

Sunday, we had three services as usual. They were well attended, and the impression, especially in the evening, seemed to be good.

Monday, I went out to Summit, thirty miles from this, and lectured. Though the weather was exceedingly inclement, I had thirty hearers. I gave them a sketch and history of Unitarianism, and distributed tracts. Very great attention was paid, and the audience appeared favorably impressed with our views. I had intended to spend several days here, but on account of the severity of the weather, and of an approaching protracted meeting by the Methodists, I thought it better to visit the place some other time. The settlers in S. are chiefly from N. York. They are a very intelligent and enterprising community. There is an Episcopal mission established among them. Three young men have devoted themselves for a period to this work,—at the end of which they are to be succeeded by others. They have a farm and a manual labor school, and preach in the neighboring towns. An admirable opportunity is offered in this Territory for the promulgation of any views of religion. The people have broken away in some degree from their old religious connexions, and generally have not formed new ones. Whoever goes among them can obtain a hearing. It is a time then when if we had means and men, we might gain for our's the decided ascendency.

At Milwaukie, just now, the Congregationalists and Methodists, not together but separately, are holding protracted meetings.

Feb. 20. The protracted meeting of the Congregationalists still continues, and the excitement is very great. It is said to have been got up to put down Unitarianism. Its momentary influence may be unfavorable—but the result of all such excitements, I think, is in our favor. Saturday afternoon, those of the Congregation who believed in Calvinism were requested to rise. All rose but one person,—a young man. Deacon L—— came to him and inquired his reason for not rising. He answered that he did not believe with them—that he was a Unitarian. 'Then,' hell.'*

Yesterday, our Congregations were as good as usual—about sixty during the day, and twice this number in the evening. In the evening, some who usually meet with us probably went to the Congregationalists. But their hall was soon filled, and numbers, being unable to get in, came away. Some of these came to our meeting, and among them, probably, several Calvinists. In my sermon, I alluded to the evil tendencies of religious excitements, in a manner which I think could not give offence, and which I hope will set them thinking.

Feb. 25. The protracted meeting goes on with wonderful success. Many of the hardest cases in M. have been affected, and brought to the anxious seats. God grant that the effect may do good and only good. We are anticipating every day the arrival of one or two Miller preachers.—We hear of them in the vicinity. If they come, they will create a tremendous excitement. This community is now just in the right state to listen to them with full faith, and to receive their most absurd opinions with entire credulity. Amid all this confusion, I can only go on quietly in my own way, speaking the word of truth, and reason, and Scripture, to the few who remain firm and rational,—and hope that the little leaven which I may throw in, may, if it do not leaven the whole lump, at least become an element of health and safety,—may vindicate Christianity from the odium which popular error tends to bring upon it.

Our society have had social meetings in reference to building. They have good success in obtaining subscriptions. it seems a favorable time for the work. There is much interest in building up different parts of the town, which leads some to give who are not of our number. Relying upon the aid which I have promised them from the East, they have chosen a building committee, who are to proceed with the work as fast as possible. They hope to complete the house by the first of June. To further their purposes, I shall come home by the first boat on the Lakes. If the season is as forward as usual, this will be early in April. I shall hope, however, before this to receive from you an answer to my last letter.

I notice the intended publication of a new hymn book by Mr. Robbins. I should think it would be well calculated for this Society. It is to come low, and yet to contain the best and most fervent hymns; I have thought of recommending it. We use Greenwood's now, but there are but five copies, besides my own, which were all we could procure at Chicago.

I have deferred the formation of a Sunday School and the gathering of a church, until the completion of our house. The hall which we now occupy, we can have but a short time longer, and we think that the interruption of a school by any change or by the temporary suspension of our services, would be worse than the delay we incur by waiting a few months. I think we shall then be able to collect something of a school.

I often feel very desirous to have another preacher of our denomination here to hold services in the country on the Sabbath. There are at least five or six places not too far from this, where he would find ready and grateful listeners. I have held evening meetings in three of them, and been invited to two others. This is the time to promulgate our views here, while the ground is not entirely occupied by the other denominations. And one person whose duty should be confined to this work, might gradually find his way into all parts of the Territory, and sow the seed of a large number of Societies.

Sincerely yours, W. C.

THE ATONEMENT; ON GOD'S WAY OF SPEAKING, AND MAN'S WAY OF SPEAKING.

Q. What are your views of the merits of Christ?

Ans. I never use the expression. There is no such expression as 'the merits of Christ' in the Sacred Scriptures.

Q. Do you expect to be saved for the merits of Christ? Do you believe that there is no other way for any to be saved but through the merits of Christ?

Ans. I never use the expression. There is no such expression as 'the merits of Christ' in the Sacred Scriptures.

Q. Do you not believe in the merits of Christ then?

Ans. I never use the expression. There is no such expression as 'the merits of Christ' in the sacred writings; and I like to keep as close to scriptural language as possible.

Q. But do you believe in the thing signified by the words, *the merits of Christ*?

Ans. What thing is it that is signified by the words? If it be any doctrine of scripture, it may be expressed in scripture words. Just put what you mean into scripture language, and then I may be able to answer you. I believe in every thing spoken by Christ, or written by his inspired Apostles. Just put your meaning into scripture words, will you?

Do you believe that Christ made a proper sacrifice for the sins of mankind?

Ans. I believe that Christ gave himself a sacrifice for sin; but what you mean by a *proper* sacrifice I cannot tell. What do you call a *proper* sacrifice, and what would you call an *improper* one?

Q. Do you believe that Christ, by his suffering and death, made satisfaction to divine justice for man's sins?

Ans. The Sacred Scriptures do not say any thing about satisfaction to divine justice, so that I never make use of the expression. The sacrifice of Christ was satisfactory or pleasing to God. The Apostle says that Christ gave himself an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet smelling savor; and this I understand to mean that the sacrifice and offering of Christ were pleasing to God. But I should not suppose that they were any more pleasing to divine justice than to divine mercy. I like to speak of God and of the work of Christ in the language in which the Sacred Scriptures speak of them; and the Sacred Scriptures do not separate the justice of God from his wisdom, his holiness, and his love, when speaking of the sacrifice of Christ.

Q. But you know what is meant by those forms of expression: and what is the use of being so particular about words?

Ans. I cannot say that I *do* know what is meant by the forms of expression which you use; and if I *did* know what is meant by them, I should not feel disposed to encourage the use of them. I think such forms of expression unnecessary. I think them useless. I believe them, in fact, to be hurtful. I think they tend to breed disputes. I believe they tend to darken the Scriptures, and mislead men's minds. I regard such forms of expression as veils which hide from men's minds the truth.

Q. But what will become of the doctrine of the atonement, if those forms of expression are laid aside?

Ans. The *scripture* doctrine of the atonement will remain; and will be both better understood; and more loved and admired: but the *Antinomian* doctrine of the atonement, taught by many, would have to be modified or pass away. The *scripture* doctrine of the atonement was held long before those forms of expression came into use, and it will be held after they have gone out of use.

Q. But it would spoil some of the best sermons of some preachers, if they were not allowed to use such expressions?

Ans. Then their best sermons are not much worth; and they might be spoiled without any great loss to the world.

A. But you hold that justice demanded satisfaction for man's sin, I suppose?

Ans. I never use any such expression; and I am not aware that any such expression is used in the sacred writings.

Q. You seem as if you were disposed to trifle with one, and vex one. Why do you not give me satisfactory answers?

Ans. Nay, I have not the slightest desire either to trifle with you, or to vex you: I only wish to wean you from the use of your unscriptural ways of speaking on religious subjects. Put your questions in scriptural language, and the answers you will receive will be more to your mind perhaps.

Q. Do you believe that the blood of Christ was necessary to quench the flame of divine wrath, and turn away the anger of God from guilty man?

Ans. You still deal in unscriptural expressions; so that I must either give you no answers at all, or give you answers that will be unsatisfactory.

Q. Just answer me as well as you can.

Ans. Well then, I do not believe that the blood of Christ has turned away the wrath of God from guilty men. God is as angry with guilty men now as he ever was. The Gospel reveals the wrath of God against all unrighteousness and ungodliness of men. God's anger is turned away from none but those who are turned away from their sins.

Q. Your answers confuse me.

Ans. Perhaps they only make you *feel* the confusion which has existed in your mind before.

Q. Do you believe in the atonement?

Ans. Certainly.

Q. Do you believe that Jesus died for mankind,—that he gave himself a sacrifice to God for man's salvation,—and that through his death men may be brought to God?

Ans. Yes.

Q. That is all I mean.

Ans. Then why did you express yourself so unwisely?

Q. I only used the expressions which are commonly used by some of the ablest writers on the subject.

Ans. Many of those who are called able writers, use very objectionable expressions on the subject; expressions calculated to bewilder and mislead the mind; expressions calculated to darken the truth of Christ, and perpetuate error and unbelief.

Q. But you consider that we are accepted and saved entirely *for the sake of Christ*, I suppose: for the sake of what he has done and suffered?

Ans. The Scriptures do not say so *by* Christ, but they no where speak of men being saved *for the sake of Christ*. There is one passage which speaks of God *pardoning* men for the sake of Christ, but the passage is not correctly translated. The word which is translated *for the sake of*, is *en*; and ought to have been translated *by* or *through*. *Kathos kai ho Theos en Kristo echarisato umin; 'as God through Christ has forgiven you.* Eph. iv. 32. The word commonly translated *for the sake of* is *eneken: as Eneken emou, for my sake.*' Matt. v. 11. Matt x. 39. There is no other passage in the whole Bible that speaks of men being either saved or pardoned for Christ's sake.

Q. But there are other forms of expression in the Scriptures, which have the same meaning, I suppose?

Ans. I cannot say that there are. If the expression means that God pardons, approves, or saves people without regard to their own conduct or behavior, there are not any expressions of the same meaning. The Scriptures uniformly represent God as having regard to men's conduct in bestowing pardon and salvation. None are pardoned, accepted of God, or received to heaven, but such as receive the truth, leave their sins, and live to God; and all who do thus are pardoned, accepted, and received to heaven.

Q. I don't know whither you would lead one?

Ans. Back to Scripture,—back to the simplicity of Christ.

Q. Then what do you regard as the *ground* of a sinner's acceptance with God?

No sinner is accepted until he leaves his sins, and turns with purpose of heart to the Lord; and no sinner who does thus leave his sin, and turn to God, is rejected. The language of the Scriptures is, 'Repent ye therefore and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord.' 'Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven. Therefore, whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, who built his house upon a rock: And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock. And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, who built his house upon the sand. And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell; and great was the fall of it.' —Acts iii. 19.—Matt. vii. 21, 24,—27.

Q. But does not God accept the obedience, sufferings, and death of Christ as a substitute or equivalent for man's obedience? Is it not purely in consideration of Christ's obedience, sufferings, and death, that God forgives man's disobedience, and looks on the sinner as though he had himself kept the law of God?

Ans. The Scriptures do not say so. The Scriptures do not say that God ever looks on a sinner as though he had kept his law. God *forgives* the sinner, when the sinner repents and returns to obedience; but he does not look on the sinner as having kept his law. Nor do the Scriptures say any thing about God accepting the obedience, sufferings, and death of Christ as a substitute for man's obedience, or as a compensation for man's disobedience.

Q. I suppose you simply consider the death of Christ as purchasing God's favor for man?

Ans. No; I am not aware that God's favor can be purchased. God's favor need not be purchased for a good man; God bestows his favor on the good, freely; and nothing can bribe him to bestow his approbation on a bad man. God loves goodness, without a price; and he cannot love wickedness, with a price.

Q. Do you then consider the sacrifice of Christ as the procuring cause of God's mercy to men generally?

Ans. No: on the contrary, I consider the sacrifice of Christ as the result of God's mercy or love to mankind. God was merciful before Christ came; and it was God's mercy, his unbought, unmerited mercy, that led him to send his son. As Baxter says, Christ did not come to change God's disposition towards us, but to change our disposition and conduct towards God. He did not come to make God good, but to make us holy and obedient, that we might be prepared for the reception of his favors. It was not the sun that had left the earth, but the earth that had left the sun; and it was not the sun that required to be brought nearer the earth, but the earth that required to be brought back to its proper place in reference to the sun.

Q. I wish you would just tell us what your views of the subject are?

Ans. I will do that with the greatest readiness; but my views are so simple and plain, and so old-fashioned and practical besides, that I am afraid you will not see much beauty in them. My views are expressed in such passages as that God gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life. For God sent not his son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.' John iii. 16, 17. 'For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly. For scarcely for a righteous man will one die; yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth his love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.' Romans v. 6, 7, 8. 'In this was manifested the love of God towards us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins.' 1. John iv. 9, 10. 'He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?' Rom. viii. 32. 'Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children; and walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us, an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling savor.' Eph. v. 1, 2. 'Grace be to you and peace from God the Father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ, who gave himself for our sins, that he might deliver us from this present evil world, according to the will of God and our Father.'* Gal. i. 3, 4. 'For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might become rich.' 2 Cor. viii. 9. 'For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Savior Jesus Christ;† who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.' Titus ii. 11, 14. These are my views on the subject. Here is everything to encourage man's hope, and to awaken man's love, and yet nothing to encourage presumption or disobedience. Nor is there any of that metaphysical folly or mystery with which many of the writings of theologians abound.

Q. But do you take into your views of the atonement and sacrifice of Christ, nothing but what you find plainly laid down in the New Testament?

Ans. Nothing more.

Q. Do you not consider the views which

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* Or as rendered by Doddridge, God even our Father,' F. B.

† Or 'the glorious appearing of the great God, and of our Savior Jesus Christ.' If, says Macknight, a learned Trinitarian Commentator, 'If Jesus is to appear at the last day, in his own glory, and in the glory of the Father, that event may fitly be termed "the appearing of the glory of the great God, and of our Savior Jesus Christ."' F. B.

are generally held to be essential to salvation?

Ans. Nothing can be essential to salvation, but to believe what God says, and to do as he commands.

Q. But it is generally considered that unless men entertain such views on the atonement of Christ as are inculcated by such men as Bates, Dwight, and others of the same school, they cannot be saved.

Ans. O yes, I am aware of that. It is quite common for theologians to represent man's salvation as depending on holding their opinions. They would persuade you that to believe what God has said is nothing, unless you also believe their interpretation of God's words. They would have you to believe that receiving the truth of God, as taught by Christ and his Apostles, amounts to nothing, unles you also admit their creeds and theories. But don't be afraid of them. Set proud, intolerant theologians at defiance; throw their theories and fables to the winds; and, resting on the simple declarations of Christ, and obeying the precepts of his gospel, without fear, look for the mercy of God, unto eternal life. 'For in Jesus Christ neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision; but faith which worketh by love.' Gal. v. 6. 'For in Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth any thing, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature. And as many as walk according to this rule, peace be on them, and mercy, and upon the Israel of God.' Gal. vi. 15, 16. —'Circumcision is nothing, and uncircumcision is nothing, but the keeping of the commandments of God.' 1. Cor. vii. 17.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, MAY 6, 1843.

SPRING.

A long and severe winter has passed by. With our habits and usages this season may be called with us the season for hearing and reading—for discussion, debate, conversation, and the communication by word of mouth. We shut ourselves up from the open sky, we forgot the desolate fields, we ceased to look up to the sombre heavens. The face of nature was cheerless to us and we found other sources of comfort, instruction and happiness. The abundance of our social opportunities and means for acquiring wisdom should not by the force of familiarity or custom, lead us to disregard their value, their vast importance. They are very numerous, they are very useful, let us not in their numbers, forget their individual value. In the long season that has passed we have enjoyed many and rich opportunities for acquiring knowledge, especially moral and religious knowledge, for all the highest themes of human interest, tend at last towards the sacred interests of man. We have had opportunities for acquainting ourselves with the power and the will of God. It has been the theme of scientific lectures and of many volumes, for even history and poetry involve his being and his laws. We have been instructed by discussions and conversation. We have talked together about the most interesting topics which each day presented. The hearing of the ear has been the great medium through which knowledge and truth have been received. To this as our principal resource, the earth and the sky and the season of the year confined us. Knowledge and happiness were found within the walls of our edifices, and there while we were instructed in the highest truths, we heard of God by the hearing of the ear. And now by the appointments of his Providence a grateful and inspiring change has been wrought. The winter is ended, and the spring time has come. By a stupendous miracle of power the whole face of nature is made to wear a different aspect. The stiffened clods relax their hard and barren surface, and burst asunder that the tender blade may cover them with greenness. The moanings of the dreary blast give place to the gentle breeze which is converted into notes of music by the song of birds and the hum of insects and the trickling of streams. Every element of earth and sky, every fertile power of the soil, and all the rich store houses of nature contribute to make the change complete from winter to spring—to make it grateful to the heart and to the sense, and to pour into the soul of man through a thousand sources a flood of happiness which is almost an ecstasy. God be praised for this sublime miracle of his love. It is wholly a gratuity of his unbounded goodness, we could not have claimed it as a gift, we could not even have imagined this stupendous change as a possibility, if we did not witness it. This change in the face of nature works a complete change in our feelings. The softened breath of the air, the warmer ray of the sun, pass through our frames and cheer them with electric delight, as they work an entrance into our hearts to excite the sentiment of gratitude. The hours of light are lengthened by more than one half to prolong the opportunity for enjoyment and improvement to all. Such influences must draw us from beneath the protection of the roof into the open air, to drink up happiness through our senses, to observe with our eyes. The fireside is deserted for the pleasant walk, the book is laid by for the studies of the garden and the field. Then our meditations and our lessons upon the majesty and love of God as displayed in nature need no longer be confined to the pages of written wisdom, and to abstract argument. They appeal to outward sense, they meet their beautiful illustrations all around us. We may then test by observations the sublime lessons of the lecture and the volume; we have heard of God, by the 'hearing of the ear, now our eyes see him.'

Of all periods of the year the present is best suited to impress us with lively and sincere convictions of the overruling Providence of God. We ask for standing miracles to vindicate the reasonableness of a religious faith. We would see angels hovering between earth and heaven, bearing messages from God to man, we ask for compelling testimony of the existence of an intelligent Creator, for visible evidence of another and brighter world. And what are all the agencies of nature around us, but standing miracles? What are all the needless, the gratuitous provisions for the excessive happiness of living creatures, brute and human, but angels, i. e., divine messengers hovering between earth and heaven, and bearing gifts and tokens from God to man? What are all the exhibitions of skill, contrivance and power manifest to our eyes everywhere, in the grass, the insect and the sun, what are all these, what else can they be, but witnesses which compel us by testimony that cannot be resolved away, to acknowledge a Being who possesses the characteristics of his own workmanship, power, wisdom and love? What are all the renewing influences which change the face of this world, but assured proofs that this world is dependent upon nobler orbs in the universe? We do ourselves a grievous wrong when we close our eyes to the sublime manifestations of an everpresent God. We speak and hear of His Goodness and Power till by the force of mere custom and familiarity those words fall dead upon our ears, exciting no feeling, awakening no gratitude. One is almost tempted to think that instruction now-a-days is carried to excess, that men are taught and hear too much, that if they could be induced to think and observe, they would be much wiser, much better. We have all of us fallen into the habit of allowing many hours of the morning sunlight which are without cost, to pass by us wasted, while we are in our beds, and of pursuing our tasks and pleasures far into the hours of darkness, lighted by artificial and expensive processes. In much the same way, we read and we teach without looking or observing for ourselves.

'The Power and Wisdom and Goodness of God as manifested in the works of Nature,' is a combination of simple words into a sublime sentence, and the many valuable treatises written to illustrate it, are filled with the results of the most laborious and extended inquiries of the greatest men who have ever lived. These cannot be studied without interest and profit. Yet of necessity such treatises can never fill the mind, they suggest more questions than they answer, and an indispensable conclusion to their proper study is observation with the eye. We must verify their facts and reasoning, we must fill up the chasms of argument by susceptible and elevated feelings, we must crown their results by that reverent adoration of the heart, which more than reason or proof will convince us of a God.

These words which tell us of the plans and purposes of Providence should never be mere abstractions with us. We must rouse ourselves from that apathy of feeling, which always follows even the highest instruction of the intellect, when pursued without reverence and devotion. Now is the season for us to breathe into those words, the freshness and the joy of Spring time. Each particle of the clod which but lately was frozen into stone, is now a seed of new awakened life. Let us mark the mysterious change simply as it meets the eye. We are at liberty to account for it in any way that will satisfy ourselves. We may take the best explanation that offers, and if all the manifest purposes of design, and all the sources of happiness to man, can be accounted for without the thought of a wise and good God, we are at liberty to ascribe them to any more reasonable origin. But the high lessons of religion are taught not merely by devout feeling but by observation, by the seeing of the eye. It is good for us at this season to leave at intervals, the social influences, which afford us at other seasons of the year so much happiness, that we may walk and observe and meditate alone. The rich green which is the spring mantle of nature attracts and pleases the eye. The very color itself is a striking attestation of the Love of God, for it never fatigues the eye, it does not inflame the delicate nerves of vision, and in this world where such various tastes divide men, and where so many physical infirmities prevail, the green grass and foliage of Spring time, pleases all, and pains none. Watch even a blade of grass as it shoots daily higher and more robust from the earth; observe the minute dew drops which gather upon it in the early morning, and refresh it at twilight. Let your own eyes mark the process by which it sucks up from the earth its nourishing juices, and you will have before you not only a standing miracle, but a growing miracle, a miracle which accumulates its wonders every day. Thus by the seeing of the eye, you may learn from the sod which you trample upon how beautiful and useful and incomprehensible are the works of God. If afterwards you may study the theme from books, you will be aided by living teachers. If you are left to your own thoughts they will be more wise and devout.

These reflections will not seem inappropriate to those who have engaged in those delightful excursions of early spring time which we are pleased to find are beginning to be more enjoyed.

MISSIONARY EFFORTS.

Unitarians can no longer find a discharge from the duty of contributing towards Missionary operations, in the difficulty of bestowing their gifts judiciously so that the desired end may be secured. We have now organizations sufficient to effect all needed objects, we have a field open and inviting to the laborer, and we have abundant means. Nor can it be said that Unitarians are backward in the fulfilment of their duty. We believe from the best evidence that if the members of our oldest and flourishing societies in New England were to present from their private papers a correct list of all their donations for moral and religious purposes, in the shape of Tracts, Fairs, Contributions, subscriptions, aid to other societies of their own and other denominations, the result would prove that they have been willing to give. There is no need of drawing invidious comparisons in this matter, indeed no comparison of this kind ought to be invidious, but should be regarded as a provocation to love and good works. We know that an immense and indeed an uncounted sum of money annually goes from Boston and its neighborhood to all parts of this country, to say nothing of what goes abroad, in religious charities. We suppose some one is keeping the account, for occasionally statistics of this sort are made public. Now let there be as far as possible a fair division of these efforts. Let not the liberal be overtaxed, nor let the fact that certain persons and certain societies have contributed to all good objects, justify new applicants in drawing too heavily upon their kindness. It is well known that some of our Societies in this State have done absolutely nothing for this great common cause of Christian charity. We have now in our mind three Societies, in which there is vast wealth, and who are blessed or cursed with large funds for the support of the ministry, who are backward in this work. Their donations to the American Unitarian Association are very small, they are not called upon to aid the Ministry to the Poor, they have made no contribution to the Missionary cause, and they have escaped most of the appeals which have been made the last few years in behalf of new Churches in the West. Each of these Churches almost without an effort on the part of their members might contribute from three to five thousand dollars annually for these various religious objects. We are well aware of the fact and we make allowance for it, that the members of these societies are continually called upon for subscriptions to other than religious or missionary objects, that their hands are continually in their pockets. But we maintain it to be their duty to give as Christians, for the diffusion and for the wide support of their cherished religious opinions. We know not how in any wide view of their responsibility they can feel absolved from this obligation.

The Committee appointed to collect funds for Missionary purposes have sent their Circular a second time to Societies which have not answered to the appeal. We will here state the method and plan which have been devised. A Society making a collection is at liberty to specify to what object or objects it shall be devoted; if no such specific designation of it is made, it is divided by a just proportion, by the Committee to our three principal Societies.—The American Unitarian Association, the Mass. Evangelical Missionary Society, and the Society for Promoting Theological Education. Let us be encouraged by the results to be made known at the approaching Anniversaries.

For the Register and Observer.

INFLUENCES OF THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

(Continued.)

The omission of a line by the printer, in the closing sentence of the third paragraph of the article on this subject in the last Register, impaired the sense of the passage. It should read thus. It may be regarded as a matter of personal experience, *and theirs is the best religious experience*, who can the most clearly, and the most circumstantially trace out the influences of the cross of Christ upon their hearts and their lives. It is on all hands conceded, that most important influences of some kind result to the Christian character of every individual from the death of Christ. If so, the effect must be known, must be realized, by those who are thus influenced. The experience of different individuals, differently circumstanced will doubtless vary on this as on all other subjects according to the different views they may be led to take of it. Those who believe, and till within a recent period it has been the prevailing belief of Christians, that the death of Christ is literally the price of their salvation, a sacrifice to satisfy the justice of God, a refuge from his wrath and from the torments of an ever-during hell, will naturally have a deep sense of the evil and the danger of sin. And such an instrument of terror in the hands of a zealous and ambitious ministry, may produce the most imposing effects in awakening the religious *concern* of an excitable multitude. We may be assured, however, that a spurious and distorted faith cannot result in pure and lofty religious sentiment and attainment, as its natural and legitimate fruit. And we must attribute the eminent piety and Christian attainment of those who have entertained such extravagant, and false notions of the sacrifice of Christ, to a union with them, in their minds, of more just and worthy considerations. The vital impulse of true spiritual life has come to them not from those doctrinal speculations, but from their catching the inspiration and the sympathy of his all perfect character, as they have looked to the cross of Christ.

What may we suppose to have been the experience of those, who were actually present and eye-witnessess of the crucifixion? Not one of that great mulitude, who saw 'the Prince of Life' expire, had the faintest conception, that he was offered up as a substitute for man; as a sacrifice to appease and satisfy the wrath of God. And yet it is not in the imagination of man to conceive the moral influence, the power of the cross, upon that mixed unnumbered crowd. With different convictions, as with different intents, they 'came together to that sight.' But with one only conviction did they go away from that sight; the conviction that broke spontaneously from the lips of the very Leader of the armed band, that conducted the crucifixion; 'truly this was a righteous man, the Son of God.' It would greatly exceed the reasonable limits of this article to notice in detail the great points of character, which the Savior exhibited on the cross, which constituted its moral efficiency; and which, by their natural operation on our hearts and lives, as we contemplate those distinct points in his character, make the cross of Christ to be 'the power of God, and the wisdom of God unto salvation.' But I may just remark, how divinely dignified was the Savior's manner on the cross, and how perfectly consistent with his whole life. And after one momentary struggle of reluctance, which does but enhance the power of his cross for us, because it shows him to have been a partaker of our nature, and in full sympathy with our sufferings, what unfaltering trust in God he exhibited; what meek resignation, what perfect self-possession, what fortitude, what firmness, and yet all so gentle and calm; what filial tenderness, what forgiving, interceding love, even for those, that had been the cause of all his suffering and shame. What was it but this more than human magnanimity and consistency of character, which caused that amazing and indescribable sensation,—those mingled and various emotions, when 'all the people that came together to that sight, smote their breasts and returned?'

Powerful indeed was his teaching, for he 'spake as never man spake.' More powerful was his example, for 'he did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth.' But more than powerful, irresistible was the influence of his cross, when no treachery, weakness, or timidity of his friends, no insults and cruelty of his enemies, and no anguish either of body or of mind, could break down the spirit of the meek and lowly Jesus, could cause him to forget any duty which the occasion demanded, or lead him to deviate in the least from the example of 'the perfect man.'

Thus did Christ 'suffer for us in the flesh,' that we might 'arm ourselves with the same mind,' 'leaving us an example, that we should follow his steps.'

If I may here attempt to give a condensed view of my own experience, from the cross of Christ, I must confess I derive the moral influence of that most affecting scene in part, from its perfect harmony with his whole life, 'always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body.' His death was a *fitting*, and absolutely essential close of such a life; and if, in his circumstances Christ had died in a different manner, then neither his character nor his example would have been perfect. He would thus have failed to exhibit the true credentials of a perfect infallible 'Teacher sent from God,' and left doubtful his authority, as the Messenger of God; so that we could not then have looked to him, as the 'Author and Finisher of our Faith.' As his life sanctified his cross, and made it powerful to save, so did his death on the cross set the seal, and give the sanction and the finish to his character and his example. Thus is the Savior 'made of God unto me wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption. Thus is my faith in him, in his teachings and in his promises, fully confirmed and established; and my faith in the forgiving love and mercy of God is established, who 'spared not his own Son,' but 'so loved the world,' 'that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us.'

Thus have I every possible motive to *do*, and every encouragement to *suffer* the will of God. When I look to the cross,—to the death of Christ, as a moral sacrifice naturally incurred in the discharge of duty, and the inevitable result of his determined adherence to duty, it gives him a hold upon my affections, and his example an influence over my principles and my conduct, which I cannot otherwise obtain. It gives me, not only something, on which my faith can rest with unwavering confidence, but something on which my heart can repose with unabated satisfaction, and on which my virtue can sustain itself with undiminished, nay, with increasing and surpassing strength. It gives me a power over temptation and suffering, in all my trial, of whatever kind, which nothing else can give. It gives me a peace and a consolation, which 'the world can neither give nor take away.'

Higher and better, and more powerful and abiding influences I can have no conception of from the death of Christ. The Savior, to whom we should look as 'mighty to save,' is not the exalted, renowned, *deified* Savior, but a meek, and humble, a suffering, despised, and crucified Savior. And we cannot contemplate him, in a single aspect of his earthly condition, from 'his cradle to his cross,' without deriving from it something to aid and to animate us, in the line of our duties. Are we disposed to wander from the right way, or halt and hesitate in the path of duty, we have only to look to the cross of Christ, who never hesitated, but made it as his meet and his drink to do the will of his Father; whose constancy never failed him, whose fortitude was equal to every exigency, and who counted no sacrifice too great, and no effort too severe in any call of duty. When sore temptations assail us, and we are in danger of being overcome by temptation, we have only to look to the cross of Christ, 'who was in all points tempted as we are, yet without sin.' When injured, neglected, persecuted, slandered, or reviled, we have only 'to look to the cross of Christ, who bore with meekness 'such contradiction of sinners against himself.' Let the children of poverty and misfortune look to the cross of Christ, and find sympathy and compassion with the 'man of sorrows,' who 'had not where to lay his head.' When days of darkness and nights of grief overtake us, and 'trouble and anguish make us afraid,' let us look to the cross of Christ, who with entire calmness, and meek resignation, could always say, 'the cup, which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it? Not my will, but thine be done.' And when death, at last, shall draw nigh, with all its conflicts,—with all its agony, its strife, its terror, Oh, where shall we look, but to the cross of Christ, who hath destroyed for us 'the last enemy,' and brought life and immortality to light!

L. C.

F. W. H. IN REPLY TO M. H. S.

To the Editors of the Christian Register.

I see I am charged by M. H. S., in your last paper, with falsehood: though just starting for a journey, I cannot allow such an imputation even from him to cast its shadow upon me even for a moment; though, from his past history and present reputation, I cannot consent to enter into controversy with him about character; and I am confident all who recognise my initials will not be confounded by such a charge from the unenvied Author of 'Universalism Renounced,' &c.

The chief point in my communication was, that J. K. Marshall had been denounced by the 1st Congregational Church in Nashua, as guilty of general impiety, because of deserting their church for ours.

To rebut the charge of general impiety, I give now the names attached to a certificate which must probably satisfy every one who glances at it; especially, every one who has ever been in Nashua, and who must recognise several of its worthiest citizens of different denominations. I ought to mention, that perhaps the Town Clerk, whose name is here given, belongs to Nashville, instead of Nashua; the towns having till lately been but one, and it being next to impossible for a stranger to distinguish the denizen of one half of the old town from his neighbor in the other. I gave it as it was reported to me. Here follows the Certificate.

'The undersigned, have known Mr. Marshall for years, in his employment upon the Nashua Rail Road, and would cheerfully state that they have never seen any thing of "profaneness or general habitual impiety.' (Signed)

Onslow Stearns, Superintendent, Abraham Mitchell, Ticket Master, Nath'l. P. Kimball, Conductor, Nashua R. Road.

Robert Moore, Wm. White, Hugh Jennison, John Reed, Dan'l. Abbot, Charles J. Fox, Solomon Spalding, Alfred Greely, David Robinson, John Flagg, Wm. Gillis.

And these are but a small part of what would readily have been furnished; but, knowing their unimpeachable characters and their familiar acquaintance with the accused person, in addition to the fact of their *being of various Churches*, upon these witnesses I rest this part of my defence. I want no more.

As to the second part of the charge, that I am 'wholly false' in the statement of the cause of his excommunication; my reply is, that as the above certificate proves (M. H. S. to the contrary notwithstanding) no real cause for expulsion existed, the notorious fact that he worshipped with the Unitarian society is explanation enough. Again, I reply, that such was the general conclusion of the place; and such was the statement of J. K. Marshall himself, whose truths and honor have never been questioned, before Andrew E. Thayer, Esq., of Nashville. If there be untruth in any part of this representation, it certainly does not lie at my door; I have given my facts and my authority for them. They reach as far as it was possible for me to go. I could not have been present at those visitations: there was but one person I could question as to what took place. And his word, I must say, I prefer altogether to that of M. H. S.; and, after having made inquiries *for weeks* among those *who saw him* every day, and *knew him every way* as well as I do my own family, it is rather hard to believe in his 'profanity and general impiety.' It seems not a little strange, that a man who uses no oaths about his daily work, amidst all the excitements and perplexities of severe labor, should 'receive with profane oaths' a church committee, headed probably by their pastor. Men generally appear then *better* than they are; that this subject of discipline should have tried to appear so much worse, and thus have courted public inquiry into his behavior is barely possible and nowise probable.

For my part I am perfectly satisfied to leave the public to judge between us.

Yours truly, F. W. H.

For the Register and Observer.

SUNDAY SCHOOL IN BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Brooklyn, N. Y., May 1, 1843.

Messrs. Editors,—Our Sunday School celebrated its first anniversary yesterday afternoon. The services of the church being in the morning and evening, we are accustomed to devote the afternoon of the Sabbath to the School. The weather was very unpropitious, it beginning to rain about the hour of assembling, and continuing thence a severe storm. This probably prevented a large number from witnessing the exercises, although the school was represented in full strength. We sought without much parade or publicity, to make the occasion one of interest to every portion of the parish; and we hope that something of the end we sought was obtained.

Our brother Holland favored us with an affectionate and interesting address to the Pupils; among whom he recognized many once belonging to the Sunday School of the original Unitarian church, in this city, of which he was recently the Pastor. This circumstance called forth some appropriate and touching allusions; for Mr. H. was especially interested in his Sunday School while here, and latterly, assumed the entire charge of its Superintendence. The Teachers were unexpectedly addressed by their Pastor; who, in the absence of our brother Lothrop, of Boston, unavoidable from the state of the weather and his health combined, aimed to impress them with the responsibility of their office, and to suggest sources of encouragement and aid in its discharge. Mr. L. officiated yesterday at the Church of the Messiah; and we were unwilling to abandon all hope of his assistance, before the coming on of the storm. Our excellent superintendent, Mr. Isaac H. Frothingham, well remembered in the Sunday School of the Second Church of your city, read a very judicious and timely address to the Parents, full of just and important thought, and worthy of the serious attention of those for whose benefit it was prepared. To Mr. F. we all feel under great obligations for his wise and faithful devotedness to the improvement, and consequently the true prosperity, of the school. He is assisted by a body of efficient and truly interested Teachers, who are striving we trust to accomplish a good work for the souls of our children.

It is a circumstance worthy of notice, that all the three original Hymns sung on this occasion by the children, were furnished from within our limits. The first by the Superintendent; the second by a lady, the third by a gentleman, of the Society.

We hope the occasion will prove but the first of many more like it amongst us, but of still growing and deeper interest; the prelude to a more hearty and engaged attention throughout our church to the spiritual wants and welfare of the young of the flock.

Affectionately your felllow-laborer,

F. A. F.

Order of services for the Anniversary of the Sunday School, connected with the 'First Unitarian Congregational Church,' Brooklyn, Sunday afternoon, April 30, 1843. Voluntary on the Organ. Prayer, by the Pastor. Original Hymn.

Gracious God, our heavenly Father,
Meet us in thy peace to-day;
As in humble trust we gather
At thy hallowed shrine to pray.
Every joy and every blessing,
From thy bounteous hand we own;
May thy love our souls possessing,
Draw us nearer to thy throne.

Weak, imperfect, tempted, erring,
From thy precepts, Lord, we stray;
Let thy spirit from our wand'ring,
Bring us back to virtue's way.
Humbled, penitent, confiding,
May we rest our hope in thee;
In thy favor, Lord, abiding,
In thy freedom truly free.

So by faith and love perfected
Unto every christian grace,
In our lives the life reflected
Of our Savior may we trace.
Here our joys and duties blending
With thy service on our way;
Till from earth to heaven ascending,
Dawns on us the perfect day.

Address to the Pupils, by Rev. F. W. Holland. Original Hymn.

Father, to thee our thoughts ascend,
Our lips their grateful accents lend,
To praise thee for thy bounties given,
And fit us for the joys of heaven.

May our young hearts like plastic clay,
Yield to the impress made this day,
That we may bear a holy charm
Within our breasts from Death's alarm.

Oh may we for our teachers bear,
The love thy children all should share:
And when their work on earth is done,
May they, bright gems, shine round thy Throne.

Oh may thy blessed word of light,
Illume us through life's darkest night;
Our dearest hope—our shield to be,
The Pole Star of our destiny.

Address to the Teachers. by the Pastor. Original Hymn.

O God our Father, hear our prayer,
And grant us grace to know thy will,
That we, thro' him who came to save,
May all, thy purposes fulfil.

Grant, that our lips and lives, may bear
The stamp of grace, of truth, of love,
That, when our work on earth is done,
We all may dwell with thee above.

Grant, that our teachers, O our God,
May truths, with burning zeal impress
On our young hearts; which kindled there
May light us on, to endless bliss.

Grant that our parents, pastor, friends,
Thy Spirit's quickening pow'r may feel,
And shew, by faith, by words and works
That they obey thy holy will.

Address to the Parents, by the Superintendent. Doxology.

From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue,

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Benediction.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Milwaukie, W. T., Feb. 27, 1843.

My Dear Sir,—Another Sabbath has passed, and our congregations for the whole day were larger than ever before. In the forenoon and afternoon as many as one hundred attended, and in the evening nearly as many as usual, though it was rather stormy. The protracted meeting thus far does us no harm, though its leaders take some pains to injure us. Last week, on the 22d, there was a Cotillion party, and without his knowledge or consent, Mr Tweedy's name was placed upon the card as one of the managers. In the evening, Deacon L—— read the card at the religious meeting, remarked upon it, and alluded to Mr T. particularly. 'Here,' says he, 'is the name of Mr Tweedy also, the deacon of the Unitarians, and manager of a ball! What inconsistency!' He then requested prayers in behalf of the managers, especially of Mr T. Such proceedings are outrageous. There was not only a violation of Christian liberty, but also a departure from the truth; for Mr T. was neither deacon, nor manager, and did *not* even attend the party.

Our subscriptions for building go on better than the most sanguine anticipated. If in addition to them we are able to obtain some little aid at the East, we shall soon have a comfortable house, and yet without debt or embarrassment.

I am invited to visit Muskego to preach. It is twelve miles from here. I should have gone last Tuesday, but was prevented. Esquire Parker, a leading man there, was at the meeting yesterday, and renewed the request, and I expect to go out Wednesday. He thinks that in a little while a small society may be gathered. I told him I intended to urge the A. U. Association to send out a missionary, who should be stationed at Milwaukie, and whose duty it should be to preach in the neighboring towns. My plan would be to have him visit a place on Saturday, and preach the following Sabbath, and remain to preach and visit for the whole of the week. He would thus be at little or no expense for board or travelling expenses, for he would readily find a free home and conveyance from one *village to another*. I know of some six or eight places, *now*, where a missionary would receive a welcome, and the number is increasing weekly. In addition to those I have already mentioned, are Delafield, East Troy, and Mequanigo. Mr S——, of the Divinity School, would, I think, be an excellent man for the work, and would, probably, be willing to engage in it. I fear I shall, by such suggestions, subject myself to the charge of enthusiasm. But truly the harvest is plenteous, and waiting for the laborer; and no one could be here and behold it, without being fired with a similar zeal.

March 4. I was unable to go to Muskego until yesterday. I had a few hearers, and appointed another meeting next week. In this town there is a colony of Norwegians. They are an honest, industrious, peaceable and rather intelligent people. They are Lutherans. They have a school taught by a Norwegian, but one who has long resided in this country, and who teaches in English. In Milwaukie, I thought that nearly all the foreigners were Catholics, but I have recently learnt that many of the Germans are Protestants, a part Lutherans, and others *Rationalists*. I intend to seek an *introduction* to the preacher to the latter. He has the charge of five or six other communities. The Catholics are numerous in this country. I believe I have spoken of their numbers in Milwaukie. To-day I passed a church of theirs about nine miles from here, and was told that they were building another in the neighboring town. At Madison, also, the capitol of the Territory, they are soon to erect a handsome stone church. They are chiefly Irish. It is said that soon a bishop is to be appointed, and a Cathedral erected.

The Episcopalians also are doing much in the Territory. I am told there are as many as ten of their preachers in its various parts, and that Bishop Kemper, who resides at St. Louis, and who is very active, visits this part of his diocese at least once every year. He regards it as a very important field of labor, and is resolved to make the most of it.

6th. Yesterday, we had very good congregations during the day and evening. Our number has been slowly but gradually increasing, and we have good reason to be encouraged.

13. Friday, I preached again at Muskego, but again had but few hearers on account of their inclement weather. I am to try again this week. Our views, I am told, are favorably received so far as they have been expressed and heard.

Yesterday, I held but one service—the Universalists occupying our hall in the afternoon and evening. The owner of the hall is a Universalist—of course we were obliged to give it up, willing or not willing. I attended their meeting Saturday evening. Yesterday in the afternoon, I attended the Methodist meeting, and in the evening the Episcopalian meeting. Neither preacher

was particularly interesting. The congregations of both quite small.

I am informed by Brother Moore of Quincy, that he expects Dr. Parkman and Mr. Frost to come out to the West this summer. I wish I could make some arrangement to have them meet here at the dedication of our Church. We can delay it till the time when Mr. F. is returning home, and Dr. P. is coming out. And I think they will find it pleasant to take the Lake South at that season of the year.

14. I am told the Universalists are proposing to organize a Society. The effects of such a course will be partially prejudicial and partially favorable for our interests. We lose their support, but at the same time we are freed from the annoyance of their disposition to fault-finding, and from the odium of being in any way associated with them.

Yours with respect, W. C.

It yet continues very cold and inclement weather here, yesterday the temperature was 18°.

RECENT PUBLICATION.

A Sermon, preached in the Second Church, Boston, on Sunday, March 12, 1843, on the death of Rev. John Simpkins, late Pastor of the Congregational Church in Brewster, Massachusetts. By Chandler Robbins, Pastor of the Second Church. Boston.

This discourse is commemorative of one of the honored fathers of the New England Churches. A most unusual number of our venerable guides have within the last three years been called away from their earthly labors. Let any one repeat the names of the fathers in the ministry who within that period have rendered up their account, and he will find that they far outnumber the young among the clergy —among whom likewise death has recently made great ravages. Kirkland, Tuckerman, Bancroft, Thayer, Ripley, Harris, Ritchie, Channing, and Whitney, are the names which at the moment occurr to us; to them is now added, Simpkins, late Pastor of the Congregational Church in Quincy.

From the biographical sketch we present an extract which will interest our readers who may have been acquainted with their honored subject.

The Rev. John Simpkins, who departed this life in this city on the 28th of February last, was born in Boston, on the 16th day of April, 1768. His father, whose christian name he perpetuated, was for more than fifty-five years, from 1776 to 1831, the year of his death, an officer in the New North Church; and for many years the senior and presiding deacon of the Congregational Churches in this city. A staunch whig of 1775, he was a member of the Committee of Correspondence, and of the military company of Cadets, under the command of that well konwn patriot, John Hancock, and subsequently disbanded by the British Govenor, on account of their whig principles. In common with many others of his time, he was a sufferer to no little amount in the war of the revolution, and by the depreciation of the paper money of the continental currency; so that, at the termination of the struggle for independence, he was compelled to begin the world anew. This he did with a spirit of alacrity and determination that merited, and was crowned with success. There are many of my hearers, whose memory can distinctly recall his slender and venerable form, erect even to the last, that, clad in the costume of former days, was an object of attraction to young and old as he walked in these streets,—whose appearance must have been, how singularly, altered, during the long period through which his recollection stretched!—since he died at the extreme age of more than three score and thirty years. His wife, the mother of Rev. John Simpkins, was the daughter of Samuel Grant, also a Deacon of the same church; who was elected to that trust on the 6th of December, 1742, and discharged it for more than thirty-four years, to the end of his life; which took place, as far as I have been able to ascertain, about the year 1777.

Descending from such an ancestry as this, it is easily to be accounted for that the subject of these remarks should have early imbibed a strong attachment to religion and the church, and a predilection for the sacred calling. His early studies were prosecuted partly at the Latin Grammar School in Boston; but principally at the Academy in Andover, under the tuition of one of the most eminent instructors who has ever presided over that institution; who subsequently filled a Professorship at Cambridge, and still later at the Theological Institution at Andover.* Mr. Simpkins was admitted to Harvard University in 1782, and graduated, with a respectable reputation for scholarship, and an enviable credit for purity of morals and integrity of heart, in 1786. Amongst his associates in College were several listinguished men, very few of whom survive him, to make mention of his worth, but none of whom ever named him without affection and esteem.

Soon after leaving college, he undertook the duties of an assistant in Andover Academy, to which he devoted himself for about eighteen months. He commenced his theological studies under the tuition of Dr. Emmons of Franklin; continued them with the assistance of Rev. Mr. French of Andover, and subsequently completed them at Boston and at Cambridge.

Mr. Simpkins entered upon his public professional labors in 1789, and in about two years after was ordained as the minister of a large and respectable congregation, in what was then the North Parish of Harwich, but is now the town of Brewster. Of this people at the time of his settlement, I have seen a brief notice in a manuscript of their pastor, which has been put into my hands; the purport of which is so characteristic of those good old days, and so worthy of commemoration and imitation in our own time, that I cannot forbear its recital. 'My flock at the period of my ordination,' says he, 'were a most united, reverential and ministerial people. So generally were they in the habit of punctual attendance on public worship, that the absence of any individual led at once to the supposition that he was sick, or absent from town. And such continued to be the gratifying character of my society, united as one, and all coming up in good fellowship to the same house of prayer, until their harmony was interrupted and their delightful union destroyed, through the baneful growth of those seeds of dissension, which were afterwards so liberally scattered by sectarian zealots, in the county of Barnstable, as well as throughout the Commonwealth.'

Who can read, my friends, such a record as this, from the pen of a good, affectionate, peace loving minister,—whose heart must have been torn, when the beautiful bond, that bound his flock in happy and holy fellowship with one another, with himself and his Christ, was broken,—who can read such a record, without a throb of painful regret, mingled even with a generous indignation, at the thought of what an amount of mischief to the cause of religion, and of misery to the breasts of Christ's most loving shepherds, has been wrought amongst the fair towns and villages of New England, by that same sectarian spirit, whose baneful work, on a small scale, is noticed in this manuscript, but the witnesses of whose ruinous effects are spread all over the land,—their history written in the registry of almost every ancient parish; and in furrowed lines of grief and care on many a venerable face.

It may be, indeed, that advantage will accrue, in the end, to the cause of pure religion, from these disruptions and divisions. It is not difficult to discover some beneficial effects to which they will probably lead. To a certain extent, moreover, they are attributable to the natural working, the involuntary evolution, of American ideas and principles. But no student of our ecclesiastical history can doubt that, in connexion with what may be considered as the action of necessary causes, there mingled largely in the agency that produced the state of the things to which I have somewhat warmly alluded, a spirit that was far from commendable, and motives that were any thing but Christian. And one thing at least, is certain, that, whatever good may be the ultimate result of these divisions, will be purchased at the cost of no little injury and no little grief.

With a feeble constitution, Mr. Simpkins was enabled, by strict regularity of living, by a peaceful conscience, and an affectionate temper, to perform, with infrequent interruptions, a great amount of ministerial labor, and to attain to a 'good old age.' To his pastoral duties, which were at times rendered peculiarly arduous by the wide space over which his flock were scattered, he devoted himself with unwearied assiduity. His intercourse with his people was cordial and affectionate, without familiarity. His manners were gentle but dignified. Though he sought to conciliate, he never condescended to part with his self-respect. He was a quiet, but keen observer, without censoriousness. Though remarkably shrewd in reading the characters and detecting the motives of those around him, he was habitually charitable in his constructions. He greatly enjoyed social intercourse, and received in the families of his friends as cordial a welcome as he gave to them in his own.

The connexion of Mr. Simpkins with his parish continued unbroken and mutually satisfactory, during the long term of forty years. At the expiration of this period, his increasing deafness and infirm health compelled him to ask a dismission, which, after the delay of a year, was at length granted, and he preached his valedictory Sermon in October, 1841. His public services were characterized by great seriousness of manner, evangelical plainness and earnestness of speech, and correctness and clearness of style. His favorite topics were the goodness of God, and the obligations of all men to love and be grateful to Him as their beneficient Father. The necessity of repentance towards God and of faith in our Lord Jesus Christ,—the burden of apostolic preaching, was continually and faithfully urged upon his flock. Such instructions as these, seconded and rendered impressive by his own purity of life and pious conversation, could not, we may be sure, return unto him void. From year to year, the hearts and consciences of many were convicted by his admonitions, and responded to his fervent appeals. And towards the close of his ministry, especially, the good seed so perseveringly sown for many years, sprang up abundantly, and brought forth fruit an hundred fold. During the years, 1818—19, it is recorded by him, that 'a great and serious revival of the religious life occurred in his parish, in the course of which many whole families were baptized, and more than fifty respectable individuals presented themselves for a participation of the Lord's Supper.'

One of his chosen maxims was, that the *medium between extremes* is the safest path,—that truth may generally be found between conflicting opinions; and that any truth stretched, according to a prevalent inclination in human nature, beyond its proper bearings and dimensions, becomes thenceforth at variance with other well established verities, and not only terminates in error, but becomes one of the most prolific sources of error. By this maxim he sought to steer his religious course, peacefully and consistently, between the opposing currents of theological opinion and sectarian controversy. Like many other excellent divines and excellent men, he persisted in maintaining, that it is possible to find a *middle ground* between contending partizans, and that this ground is not only tenable, but the post of honor, of happiness and of usefulness, the followers of the Prince of Peace.

Mr. Simpkins's published writings were few; but those few are of a character to do credit to his mind and heart. They consist chiefly of services at ordinations. In 1828, he established and undertook the editorial charge of a religious periodical, entitled the Christian Visitant—published once in two months, simultaneously in Boston and New York, for the space of two years. We may judge somewhat of the character of this work from the circumstance, that his principal coadjutors and contributors were Henry Ware, Jr., of Boston, and Dr. Abbot, of Beverly. Its chief design was to promote practical piety, the cause of which was then especially in danger of being neglected, in the heat of theological controversy. Most of its articles were furnished by himself, and indicate a healthful intellect and a spirit of unaffected piety.

*Eliphalet Pearson.

*** For sale at the Office of the Christian Register, a Sermon on the end of the world, by A. P. Peabody, Portsmouth, N. H.

RELIGIOUS ANNIVERSARIES.

We copy the following interesting notice, from the Monthly Miscellany for May.

ANNIVERSARY WEEK.

Our friends will bear in mind the approaching anniversaries, and we trust will show their interest in them by a general attendance. The week of their recurrence being determined by the old 'Election day,' which always came on the last Wednesday in May, they will this year fall upon the last days in May and the first in June. The meeting of the American Unitarian Association will be held on Tuesday evening, May 30, and of the Sunday School Society on Wednesday evening, May 31. The Berry Street Conference, on Wednesday, will doubtless afford a renewal of the pleasant discussions of previous years. The Collation, on Tuesday, may be anticipated as an occasion of even more enjoyment than on either of the last two years. The Committee appointed last year have made arrangements for an increased number of guests, and are taking measures to invite every Unitarian clergyman in the country, with his wife or daughter, (one lady to each gentleman,) to be present. Provision will be made for the *board* of all guests from the country, not otherwise accommodated, during Anniversary week, at the houses of gentlemen of our denomination, who ask the privilege of exercising this hospitality. Application may be made to the Secretary of the Committee, Wm. D. Coolidge, 17 Broad street, previously to Monday, the 29th of May, or to a member of the Committee who will be in attendance at W. Crosby & Co.'s bookstore, 118 Washington street, on Monday and Tuesday mornings, May 29 and 30, when and where tickets will be ready for delivery. Tickets will also be in readiness for clergymen and laymen of the city and elsewhere, on and after the 10th of May, and it is hoped that there will be a numerous attendance of our brethren, of town and country. The collation will be spread in the large hall over the Worcester Railroad Depot, opposite the United States Hotel, in Beach street.

Ministers Collation.—We insert the following notice, at the request of the Committee appointed last year to make arrangements for the Collation the present year.

The Committee appointed by the company last year, to make arrangements for the meeting the present season, hereby respectfully and affectionately invite every clergyman of the Unitarian denomination in the United States, and all from abroad who may be in the country at that time, with his lady, to pass 'Anniversary Week' in this city; and especially, to be present at the collation to be served in the large Hall over the Western Railroad depot in Beach Street, on Tuesday, the 30th inst., at 2 o'clock precisely.

The Committee have the pleasure to add, that their city brethren have requested them to say that any clergymen from the country, with his lady, who may not have provided lodgings in the city, for the week, or any part of it, will be gladly received into their families. And all such are requested to give notice to the Secretary, of the fact, at as early a day as practicable, that the arrangements may be completed beforehand.

Tickets may be had of the Committee.

G. F. Thayer,	No.	12 Essex street.
R. M. Bayley,	"	14 Avon Place.
Jos. Eustis,	"	115 Washington st.
Chs. F. Adams,	"	23 Court st.
Francis Fisher,	"	23 Central wharf.
W. R. Sumner,	"	148 1-2 Wash. st.
F. C. Manning,	"	15 Central wharf.
Jn. Collamore, jr.	"	98 Washington st.
W. D. Coolidge,	"	17 Broad st.

Or of the Delegates from other Societies:

John J. May,	No.	1 Broad, cor. of State st.
Wm. Thomas,	"	19 Long wharf.
Dan. Denny.	"	41 Kilby st.
David Paige,	"	53 Kilby st.
Eben'r. Dale,	"	103 Milk st.

W. D. Coolidge, *Secretary*, No. 17 Broad st.

Boston, May 5th, 1343.

SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

The Treasurer of the Sunday School Society acknowledges the receipt of Ten Dollars, by L. M. Stone, contributed by the Teachers of the Sunday School of the Third Congregational Society, East Cambridge, to constitute their Pastor, Rev. Henry Lambert, a Life Member of the Society.

Also, Ten Dollars from Lowell M. Stone, a teacher in the same school, to constitute himself a Life Member of the Society.

May 3d, 1843.

SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

The Annual Meeting of this Society for the choice of officers was held on the afternoon of Wednesday last, and the following were unanimously elected.

Hon. S. C. Phillips, *President.*

Rev. F. T. Gray, Boston, Rev. Henry Ware, Jr., D. D., Cambridge, G. F. Thayer, Esq., Boston, Rev. Joseph Allen, Northboro', J. W. Foster, Esq., Portsmouth, N. H., Rev. J. P. B. Storer, Syracuse, N. Y., Rev. S. G. Bulfinch, Washington, D. C., William P. Rice, Esq., Cincinnati, *Vice Presidents.*

Rev. R. C. Waterston, *Corresponding Secretary.*

Samuel G. Simpkins, *Recording Secretary.*

Lewis G. Pray, *Treasurer.*

WORCESTER WEST ASSOCIATION.

The next meeting of this Association will be at the house of Rev. Dr. Thompson, in Barre, on Monday, May 15th, at 5 o'clock. Public services next day at half past 10. C. Bradford, *Scribe.*

TEMPERANCE ADDRESS.

Mr. Nathaniel Banks, a very able lecturer, will give an address on Total Abstinence in Rev. Mr. Turnbull's Church, Harvard Street, on Sunday evening, at 7 1-2 o'clock.

OBITUARY.

MISS EMMA A. E. C. BROWN.

Died in Charlestown, on the 19th ult, Miss Emma A. E. C. Brown, in the 18th year of her age.

Another victim of that flattering disease which lays its cold grasp upon the young and the lovely, and has filled the world of spirits with so many tenants snatched prematurely from the earth. In peculiar afflictions peculiar comforts are often mingled; faith is even guided on and strengthened by the shock upon the affections of the heart, which it would seem might overpower it. So it was in the decline and departure of this young person. She was one whose long continuance upon this earth all who knew her, might earnestly and innocently desire, as life was joy to her, and her life was dear to many. Beloved and cherished for her amiable and winning traits of character, it was hard even for her youthful friends to feel that they must surrender her; how much harder then the parting, in expectation and experience to parents, to brother and sister. Yet with that beautiful attestation of a heavenly Father's Providence which never fails to appear in all His appointments, when they could not surrender her, she could calmly take leave of them. She was the first to speak what they had only feared in silence, and when the hour which they dreaded as one of struggle and anguish drew near, with submission and hope she hailed it as the hour of deliverance. The Savior's words and promises were her comfort, and the desire of his rest gave the last motions to her heart. Let her be mourned in the spirit in which she died, and followed by the faith which impressed its tranquil peace on her cold features.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Churches and Ministers in Mobile.—A correspondent of the Olive Branch gives the following list of Churches and Ministers in Mobile Ala.

'Rev S. S. Lewis, *Episcopal*; Dr. Wm. T. Hamilton and Rev. Mr Crawford, *Presbyterians*; Rev. J. Hamilton formerly of Boston, Rev. Dr. Pierce and Rev. Mr Reener, *Methodists*; Rev. Mr Schroebel, *Baptist*; Rev. Mr Brooks, *Unitarian*; the Catholics have a Bishop and two Priests.'

Religious Instruction of Slaves.—The following is an extract from the same correspondence as the above.

I am fully persuaded, that it is the religion of Jesus which will ultimately abolish the whole system of slavery in this country. There is an admirable and unprecedented attention paid to religion by the slaves here; this you will understand by the fact of there being three *distinct* and separate negro churches, where from 500 to 1000 slaves meet every Sunday for worship; they have Sunday schools also, and their improvement in religious knowledge is truly astonishing. I saw at the Methodist colored church last Sunday, 'a sight worth witnessing; no less than 1000 of our slaves congregated at *one* church for religious instruction.' I was moved with compassion, and could not help praising God in my heart for what I saw, and heard and experienced.

Political.—We do not enter into politics. We have our opinions like other individuals; but a religious paper is not a proper place to express them. Political *facts*, as matters of news, it is our custom to give a summary of. As the country is flooded however, with daily, and semi-weekly secular newspapers, it is often the case that the *news* of a weekly journal is *old* before it is received, and is therefore useful only as a *record*. And it is as a matter of record only, that many facts in our secular department are inserted.

Changes in the Cabinet.—It has been confidentally reported of late, that important changes were to take place soon, in the Cabinet at Washington, and particularly that the Secretary of State was about to withdraw. But the latest intelligence is of a different character. The Philadelphia U. S. Gazette of the 25th ult. says:—

We now learn directly from Washington, that arrangements have been made, by which the Hon. Daniel Webster will continue to occupy his present position as Secretary of State, until autumn at least, and it is probable that no alteration will, before that period, be made in the Cabinet.

The same paper remarks:

'We have more than once said, that there are very important subjects unsettled between this country and several European nations. We are yet not without diplomatic business with Great Britain. The commercial treaties with several European powers need revising; and it is probable that no man could do these better than the present Secretary of State.

It is understood that Mr. Fletcher Webster has been appointed Secretary of Legation for the mission to China. And it is now stated, that if Mr. Everett should decline the appointment of ambassador to China, it is probable Mr. Cushing will be nominated to fill the vacancy.

The New York Commercial Advertiser of the 1st inst. says, we doubt not from authority, that Mr. Secretary Webster will not, as he had intended to do, leave the Cabinet today, it being desirable on all hands, that he should remain until the matter of the Chinese mission is settled. It is expected that the steamer due the middle of this week will bring advices from Mr. Everett, announcing his decision as to the acceptance of that mission. Should he accept, it would be well for Mr. Webster to prepare his instructions. And should he not accept, equally important will it be for the Secretary to assist in the new arrangement that will then be necessary. In any event, however, Mr. W. will retire by the middle of the month. —*Daily Adv.*

Police of New York City.—In the New York Tribune of the 27th ult. the police of that city is directly and boldly charged with gross corruption, in regard to the prosecutions in the cases of the murder of Corlies and Miss Rogers. Will the police stand such a charge as is made in the following quotation, if they are not guilty? And if they are guilty, will the city authorities suffer any longer the disgrace of allowing the character of their police to remain unpurged and unredeemed?

The Murder of Corlies.—A few weeks since, a citizen of New York was shot down at dusk in the very heart of our city, in an open and thronged street, within a few steps of Broadway, where hundreds pass every five minutes. Yet no clue has been obtained by our Police to the perpetrators of the crime, and after a Coroner's Inquest (such as it was) of two or three days, the whole business is put quietly to sleep, and scarcely a word is said of the matter. And yet we presume there is scarcely a doubt entertained by any among us as to who committed the horrible murder.—So with the case of Mary C. Rogers. We believe the Police have once been in the track of the murderer. Why was he not arrested? The most obvious reason appears to be that the culprit paid more for impunity than the community was likely to pay for justice. So in the Corlies case. How long shall this state of things continue?

Slave-holders Convention.—We learn from the Emancipator and Free American that a Convention is appointed to be held at New-Orleans.

'It is to consist of delegates from the French slave-holding interest, and from the slave-holders also of the Spanish Islands and from Louisiana, to which the slave-holders of the States, South and West are all to be requested to send delegates. The object of this Convention, as stated by Mons. A. Jollivet, a member of the French Chamber of Deputies, from Martinique, is to take efficient measures to prevent abolition from extending itself to the French Antilles and the Spanish Islands, which it is thought will endanger the slave-holding interest in the United States. It is therefore proposed to maintain a strong interest in the French Chambers against any measure by that government to abolish slavery in the French West Indies, usually called the French Antilles. Havana and other Spanish settlements near our coast, are also to be represented, that a proper guard may be kept against any efforts of the British government to induce that of the Spanish to abolish slavery in the Spanish Islands.

The foreign proposers of this convention, as we are told, think it will be the only effectual way to check the abolition interests. One of the papers, remarking on the somewhat singular character of this measure, says:—

'It would lead the public to think Abolitionists both in Europe and America were becoming rather a dreaded, if not a powerful party, to compel the coalition of the entire slave-holding interests in both the old and new world, to check its encroachments.'

Tobacco.—Baltimore is said to furnish the best market for tobacco, of any port in the U. S. for exportation to Europe. If tobacco remain any considerable time at New Orleans it receives injury from the atmosphere, which it does not at Baltimore.

Smoking.—Blackwood says:—'Another thing must be observed by all who would successfully ape the gentleman: never to smoke a cigar in midday. No better sign can you have than this of a fellow reckless of decency and behavior; a gentleman smokes, if he smokes at all, when he offends not the olfactories of passers by. Nothing, as he is aware, approaches more nearly the most offensive personal insult, than to compel gentlemen and ladies to inhale, after you, the ejected fragrance of your penny Cuca or your three-half-penny mild Havana.'

Fossil Birds.—Letters from Dr. Mantell, of London, and Professor Danberry, of Oxford, to Professor Silliman, of Yale University, mention the arrival in England of the bones of a gigantic bird, of the Ostrich Class, from New Zealand. The impress made by its feet would be fully equal to the largest track observed by Prof. Hitchcock in the valley of the Connecticut. The arrival of these bones in England has tended to produce conviction in the minds of Dr. Mantell and Mr. Murchison, the President of the Geological Society, as well as other members of the Society, that the impressions in the valley of the Connecticut are genuine, and that birds, both small and gigantic, once walked over the surface of the rocks in question, when soft enough to receive an impression of their feet. The bones from New Zealand were found in an alluvial formation, and a tradition still exists among the natives, that only within a century past have the birds themselves become extinct.—*Bos. Atlas.*

The Tariff.—A Utica paper speaking of American Cutlery, says it is informed that the great English house of Ibbotson & Brothers, are of the opinion that it will be more profitable for them to manufacture their fine cutlery for the American market, in the United States, than at home, by reason of the impost duty which the tariff law imposes upon the foreign article; and that they are now making their arrangements to establish, within the present year, in the State of New York, a manufactory for that purpose.

Greece.—Smyrna papers of Feb. 1st have been received. The most interesting intelligence is, that successful efforts have been made and are now making for the suppression of the assassinations and other outrages which have been so frequent at Smyrna. Many of the assasinations were committed by the floating population, who sheltered themselves under plea of their rights as foreign citizens. One of these assassins had, however, been surrendered by the Austrian authorities, and executed, and this had produced a very salutary influence on the peace and quiet of the city.

State Debt of Arkansas.—The whole debt authorized amounts to $3,660,000, of which only $2,675,000 were issued. These bonds were issued for banking purposes, and the loans made by the banks were mostly to planters, secured by mortgages of their plantations. As the Banks willingly receive State bonds in discharge of the mortgages, the debt is in a fair way of being gradually extinguished; and the indignant manner in which the Supreme Court of that State, in its decision last winter, rejected the idea of repudiation, speaks well for the public sentiment of that State. This indication is the more striking, as it came from a Court whose Judges are elected every four years —*N. Y. American.*

The Sandwich Islands.—Private letters from Europe give us to understand that the English Government has followed the example of the United States in declaring for the independence of the Sandwich Islands. Messrs. Harris and Halileo, the Hawaian Commissioners now in Europe, write also to their friends to that effect. We felt sincere gratification at the President's Message to Congress on this subject last winter, and the ready response of the two Houses. We now see an interesting little community on the bosom of the Pacific seas, recently rescued from heathenism and idolatry, chiefly by the pious zeal of American Missionaries, rising to the dignity of an independent, civilized, and Christian State. How much more delightful in such a spectacle than to read of the triumphs of power and the destruction of the weak by the mighty! Long may this new Government, the freshest national product of letters and religion, shed its beneficent light over the remote quarter of the world where it exists, until it reaches and spreads over the whole of the islands of that vast ocean!—*National Int.*

Five Days' Later from England.—By the packet ship England, which arrived at New York on Sunday last, we have received later London papers, including the Times, to April 8th. The news from India and China, by the overland mail of March, reached London on the 4th. Every thing remained tranquil at Canton to January 21st, and the Commissioner Elepoo had arrived for prosecuting the negotiation with the British Plenipotentiary. There had been a battle between the British under General Napier, in Scinde near Hyderabad, and a Beloochee army of 22,000 men, which was entirely defeated.

In the House of Lords on the 3d of April, Lord Aberdeen, in reply to some remarks of the Marquis of Lansdowne on the question of visitation and search, as discussed in the President's communication to Congress, expressed his conviction, as stated in the Times, 'that, although the difference of construction to which the President's message referred related to a very important part of the treaty, it was more apparent than real, that it could lead to no serious inconvenience, or produce any unpleasant consequences. The truth of this opinion Lord Brougham pledged himself to demonstrate, and in its correctness Lord Ashburton concurred. He had inquired into this, among other matters which were subjects of complaint, during his visit to the United States, and had heard nothing but expressions of satisfaction at the explanation given by this country.'—*Daily Advertiser.*

FOREIGN.

Arrival of the Hibernia.—The Steamship Hibernia arrived at this port early on Thursday morning. Her news is ten days later than that before received, but is not very important. The Hibernia is a new vessel, larger than any of the other ships of the Cunard line, and is thought to be more perfect than in all her arrangements, than any that have yet crossed the Atlantic.

The state of trade was much the same as at the last advices.

Lord Brougham had made some important motions in Parliament relative to the Slave Trade.

Parliament adjourned for the Easter holidays, to meet again on the 24th.

'The opening of the whole line of the Paris and Rouen railroad to the public,' says the *Presse*, 'is positively fixed for May 3.'

The Toulonnais of the 6th inst., states that the Emperor of Morocco had given satisfaction to the United States for the insult offered to their Consul by the Governor of Tangier. The latter had been superseded in his post, and the Flag of the Union having been hoisted on the Consular house, was saluted by the batteries of the place.

Spain is spoken of as comparatively tranquil.

Another vessel belonging to the unfortunate Royal Mail Steam Packet Company has been lost—the Solway, which sailed from Southampton on the 1st inst., bound for the West Indies. She was wrecked on a reef, off the Island of Sisarga, about twenty miles to the west of Corunna, the unfortunate vessel sunk within twenty minutes, in thirteen fathoms.

Ireland appears to be in a state of feverish excitement on account of the continued, and in some cases successful resistance of the poor rates.

Several of the most extensive landlords in Ireland had reduced their rents 20 per cent, of course much to the satisfaction of tenants.

The cause of Temperance in Ireland, instead of 'dying away,' had received a new impetus by several emment catholic clergymen publicly devoting themselves to the assistance of Father Matthew.

The troubles in the Kirk of Scotland still continued. The Lords of the Council and Session adhered to the decision of the Lord Ordinary, which set aside the iniquitous sentence of deposition pronounced by the General Assembly upon the seven brethren of Strabogie.

The celebrated Greek chief Colocotroni, famous for the distinguished part he took in the revolution, died recently at Athens of an attack of the apoplexy.

Accounts from Algiers, in the French papers, lead us to believe that Abd-el-Kadir is still secure in his mountain and desert fastnesses—'unconquered and unconquerable.'

ORDINATION AT FALL RIVER.

The ordination of Mr. John F. W. Ware, over the Congregational Society in Fall River took place, agreeably to appointment, on Wednesday. It was a highly interesting occasion. Through favor of the Scribe of the Council we hope to receive a full account of the exercises for our next paper.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on Sunday, 30th ult, at Grace Church, by the Rev. T. M. Clark, Mr. Charles Spaulding, to Miss Mary Ann Silsbee, both of Boston.

In this city, Mr. Ebenezer Shaw, of China, Me. to Mrs Mary H. Whiting, of Charlestown, Ms.

On Monday morning, by Rev. J. F. Clarke, Hon Horace Mann, to Miss Mary T. Peabody, both of Boston.

In Washington, April 27, Samuel Phillips Lee, Lieut U. S. N, to Elizabeth, daughter of Francis P. Blair, Esq., all of W.

In Kingston, April 30th, by Rev. A. R. Pope, Mr. Ebenezer S. Thomas, of Pembroke, to Miss Lydia Dawes, of Duxbury.

DEATHS.

In this city, on Tuesday evening, Mrs Sarah Cutter, wife of Mr. Levi Hawkes, 59.

In Framingham, 24th ult. much lamented, Mrs Susannah, wife of Ichabod Gaines, and daughter of Luther Belknap, Esq. 41.

In Ashly, on Sunday evening last, Charles Francis, youngest child of Rev. Reuben Bates, aged 2 years and 6 months.

PICTORIAL BOOKS.—Child's Pictorial Preceptor, Pictorial Arithmetic, Pictorial Geometry, and Pictorial Music Book; for sale at SIMPKINS'S Book and Stationary Rooms, 21 Tremont Row. may 6

THE SOCIAL HYMN BOOK; consisting of Psalms and Hymns for Social Worship and Private Devotion. Compiled by Rev. Chandler Robbins. For sale at SIMPKINS'S, 21 Tremont Row. may 6

BOYS AND GIRLS Magazine for May, just published—Contributors: Jacob Abbot, Mrs Sigourney, Miss Sedgwick, Miss H. F. Gould, Mrs F. S. Osgood, T. S. Arthur, Wm. Cutter, Mrs Goodwin and others—published monthly at $1,25 a year. W. CROSBY & CO, 118 Washington st. n6

BOSTON CIRCULATING Library, No 118 Washington street.

New Books—Hoboken, a Romance of N. York, by Theodore S. Fay; The H—— Family, by the authoress of the Neighbors; The Wives of England, by Mrs Ellis; Democratic Review for May; Knickerbocker for May; Blackwood and Dublin for April, &c.

Subscriptions received to the above by WM. CROSBY & CO, 118 Washington st. n6

CHEAP PUBLICATIONS—For sale at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School sts. Macaulay's Miscellanies, complete, for $1; Howitt's Rural Life of Germany, 75 cts; D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, 75 cents; Last Year in China, 25 cents; Handy Andy, by S. Lover, 50 cents; The Neighbors, by Mary Howitt, 2v edition, 50 cents; Jack Hinton, by Lover; Bevan on the Honey Bee; Cooper's Novels, &c. &c. All new Books received as soon as published, and for sale as above. n6

CHILDREN'S SHOES of every style and quality, made of the best materials and with particular care—persons who may be in want of Children's Shoes, will do well to call before purchasing elsewhere, as they may depend of first rate article on reasonable prices, at T. H. BELL'S, 155 Washington st. m6

MISSES SHOES—A beautiful assortment of Misses Gaiter, Kid Low Lace, Black Bronze, Light Village Lace, Leather Lace, Goat Skin Village Lace, &c—just finished, and for sale low at T. H. BELL'S, 155 Washington st, opposite the Old South Church. 3wis m6

H—— FAMILY, by Frederika Bremer, author of the Neighbors, translated from the Swedish. This day published; price 25 cents—for sale at TICKNOR'S, Washington st. m6

ENGLISH EDITION.—The Principles and Practice of Obstetric Medicine and Surgery, in reference to the process of Parturition, with 100 illustrations on steel and wood, by Francis H Ramsbotham, M.D. For sale at TICKNOR'S, corner Washington and School sts. m6

BOY'S SHOES—A fine assortment of Boy's Shoes, of every style and description and quality—for sale low. Also, a large stock of Boy's Slippers, at T. H. BELL'S, 155 Washington st., opposite the Old South Church. 3wis m6

MOUNT AUBURN and other Poems, by Isaac McLellan, jr., author of 'The Fall of the Indians,' 'The Year, &c.

'Mine be the breezy hill, that skirts the down,
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook or fountain's murmuring wave,
And many an evening sun shine sweetly o'er my grave.'

Just received and for sale by FOWLE & CAPEN, corner of Washington and Franklin sts. m6 3t

THE RHEUMATIC SHOWER BATH,

PRICE $1.50.

INVENTED, Manufactured and for sale by N. WATERMAN, at his Furnishing Rooms, 85 Cornhill, 6 Brattle st. and 73 Court st.

The above in connection with his Bathing Pan, is just the thing for all who desire the luxury of a daily Bath, (warm or cold) for the following cogent reasons, viz: It is portable, occupies little room, requires a small quantity of water, and costs but little money.

Catalogues of his extensive assortment of Family Wares furnished to all who may honor him with a call.

Those on the eve of house-keeping will find this establishment peculiarly adapted to their wants.

☞ Families, Hotels, Steamboats and Packet Ships, furnished with every thing appertaining to the Kitchen department. a29

THE MONTHLY Miscellany of Religion and Letters, edited by Rev. Ezra S. Gannett.

Contents of the Number for May.

The Resurrection.
Early Piety.
English Sermons on Dr Channing's Death.
The answer to Prayer, a sermon by Rev F. W. Holland.
Mr Bartol's Address at the Funeral of George W. Wells.
Notices of Books, Intelligence, &c. WILLIAM CROSBY & CO, Publishers, 118 Washington st. a29

NEW CARPETINGS!

GEO. ALEX. BREWER is now opening at his Carpet Warehouse, No 31 Tremont Row, his Spring supply of Carpetings and other goods in his line, among which are English Brussels Carpets of the first quality, and splendid patterns—Super three ply, Damask, Twilled and Striped Venetian—Superfine, Extra fine, Fine and Common Ingrain Carpeting, for floors and stairs—Painted Carpets of all widths—Rich Figured Buckings—Hearth Rugs, Door Mats—Carpet Binding—Hollow, Oval and Round Stair Rods, etc. etc. All of which comprise one of the most extensive assortments in this city, and will be sold at the very lowest market prices. Purchasers are invited to call and examine for themselves. a29

SCHOOL IN EAST NEEDHAM.

THE Subscriber continues his School in Needham. Instructions are given preparatory for a Collegiate and for a good English education; also, in the Modern Languages, on the Piano Forte, and in Vocal Music, by competent Teachers.

DANIEL KIMBALL.

East Needham, April 29, 1843. 4t

CHEAP
CARPETS.

HENRY PETTES & CO. solicit the attention of Purchasers to a very large and valuable Stock of CARPETS just opened at their WAREHOUSE, at the corner of Washington and Summer Streets, Boston—where may be found a very excellent quality of All-Wool Carpets, new patterns and handsome colors, 62 1-2 and 75 cents per yard. In particular, a variety of very choice small patterns, designed for

CHURCH CARPETS.

☞ New Brussels Carpets, at $1 50.

Painted Carpets of all sizes.

☞ The whole Stock consists of upwards of

20,000 YARDS,

And will be sold at Auction Prices.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE SUBSCRIBERS takes this method to inform their Friends and Customers, that, in addition to all their former business, they have made arrangements to engage extensively in the CLOTH Trade; and, in order to conduct it to the best possible advantage, have secured the services of an able and efficient Agent, whose business it is to give constant personal attention to the purchase of

BROADCLOTHS & CASSIMERES,

AT THE

NEW YORK AUCTIONS.

This Gentleman has been engaged in this Trade for many years; has visited, personally, all the different Factories in

ENGLAND, FRANCE AND GERMANY,

and become intimately acquainted with all the various Styles and Mode of Manufacture.

With these advantages, and coming into the Market in its present depressed state, they will be able to offer to purchasers an assortment of the very best description of Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinets, Vestings, and Summer Stuffs, at

LOWER PRICES

than ever offered before in Boston, viz:—

American Broadcloths	from	250 to 250
English do.	from	250 to 400
German do.	from	350 to 500
French do.	from	400 to 600
Cassimeres & Doeskins	from	56 to 150
Superfine do.	do.	from 150 to 225

Every description of Dry Goods constantly for Sale, at Wholesale or Retail, at very low prices, at

HENRY PETTES & CO'S,

Four Story Brick Warehouse, at the corner of Washington and Summer Streets, BOSTON.

April 29, 1843.

EXTENSIVE
RETAIL DRY GOODS
WAREHOUSE.

THE SUBSCRIBERS earnestly solicit the attention of Purchasers to their large and valuable Stock of Rich Dress Silks, Cashmere Shawls, and other Fashionable Dry Goods, now open for the Spring Trade. To attempt to describe these articles in an advertisement, would be useless, and superfluous to those who have ever visited our Extensive Warehouse. To those who have not, we can say, that it is much the largest of the kind in New England—occupying four spacious floors of the large building at the corner of Summer street.

The plan of the business is, to combine all its branches in one great establishment—and, by this means, to secure to our customers all the advantages that can be gained by making our purchases in large quantities, and at low prices; and also, by an increase in the amount of Sales, to be able to reduce the profit—and thus to sell the

BEST GOODS AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

With these views, they now offer a complete assortment of Rich Silks, Fashionable Shawls, and other Foreign Dry Goods, Low-priced Prints, Mousselin de Laines, and American Goods, Carpets of all kinds, Painted Carpets, Broadcloths, Cassimeres, and Vestings. The amount of the whole exceeds

100,000 DOLLARS,

and every article will be sold at so low a price, as to give entire satisfaction to the purchaser, and realize the motto of

Large Sales at a Small Profit.

HENRY PETTES & CO.,

No. 224 Washington st., Boston.

May

POETRY.

The following lines were published, a few years ago, in one of the English Magazines as a production of Sir Philip Sidney. They are worthy of his fame: and whether written by him or not, are the work of a master. The structure of the verse is finely adapted to the subject: and the perfect ease with which the scriptural phraseology is almost literally retained in several of the most beautiful lines, is remarkable. Several of the English poets have attempted metrical versions of this noble passage; but no other translation will bear comparison with the present.

KINGE DAVID, HIS LAMENT

OVER THE BODYES OF KYNGE SAUL OF ISRAEL AND HIS SONNE JOHNATHAN.

The beautye of the lande ys slayne,
Howe lowlye are the myghtie layne!

Now lette us shedde the brinie teare,
And lette us heave the pityinge moane!—
But whyle we strowe the willowe biere
For Ysrael's pryde to lye upon;
Oh! lette not Gath the tidynges heare,
Oh, tell yt not yn Askalon,
Lest every waylinge sound of ours
Rayse triumph shoutes in heathen boweres!

May raine or dew-droppe never lyghte
Upon thy mountaynes, Gilboa!
May offerynge-flame ne'er crowne thyne heighte
In deepe of nyght or noon of daye!
Where, worsted yn unholie fyghte,
The myghtie flunge hys shielde away;
Caste uncanlie on the fouled greene,
As he had ne'er anoynted beene!

From battel-fyelde they turned them ne'er,
Wth bowe unstrunge, or blade untryede—
Pleasant they were yn lyfe, and fayre;
Nor yette did deathe theyre loves divide—
Theyre nervous armes myghte scathelesse dare
To beardo the lyon yn hys pryde;
Yette theyre lyghte limbes made fleeter speede
Than eagles, stoopynge o'er the meade.

Ye daughteres of the lande, deplore,
For Saule the bounteous and the bolde,
Whose kynglie hande hath founde you store
Of crymson geare and clothe of goldes;
Alack! that hande can give no more,
That worthie hearte ys stille and colde;
Unknowne amongst the deade and dyinge,
The mightie with the meane are lyinge.

Ah! Johnathan! my brother! lorne
And friendlesse I must looke to be!—
That harte whose woe thou ofte has borne,
Is sore and strickene nowe for thee!—
Young brydegroome's love on brydal morne,
Oh! yt was lyghte to thyne for me;
Thy tymelesse lotte I now must playne,
Even on thyne owne highe places, slayne!

How lowlie now the mightie are!
How still the weapons of the war!

MISCELLANEOUS.

ROGER WILLIAMS.—REV. DR. CHANNING.

From the last number of a series of letters addressed by an English traveller in this country to the Liverpool Albion, we take the following passages, which will be of interest to our readers:—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

There were giants in those days: and Providence was founded by one who surpassed nearly all his fellowmen, and asserted through a long career, busy and active without a parallel, the great principle of which he was the true apostle—religious freedom. At the hour when the spirit of enterprise, which burst into existence at the discovery of the New World, united itself in singular union with religious faith in our own land, and sent forth a phalanx of wise, erudite, and wealthy men to the new colonies, there landed at Boston a young minister, one Roger Williams. That city, and the settled portions of the interior, were in the possession of the Puritans, who revived, in their home, the spirit and the temper of which they had been the victims in the old. For, with respect to true freedom of mind, there was, as yet, but a dawning of true light, and there existed no sect of professing Christians that did not merely require the power, as they had already the inclination, to control the minds of others. It was an age of strong feelings with dull perceptions of right. And who shall say that those heavy clouds have yet cleared away: that it is yet noon-day: that the great principle which this man asserted in its broad and extreme truth, that the civil ruler has no concern with religious belief, that religion has no temporal kingdom and the state no creed, is yet acknowledged in our land? He had scarcely landed at Boston when he rang out, in fearless tones, these great truths.* There the union of church and state was absolutely perfect: the ministry was political and religious at once, and half the statue-book was the Bible, as they translated it. Amidst a storm of polemical wrath, he was banished from Massachusetts; but the flame of love from his great heart had kindled the hearts of others beyond this barrier, and had penetrated to the souls of the Red Men, who loved him as their best friend, and were attached to him with a regard as interesting and peculiar, as it was lasting and full of good fruits.

During his wanderings through the colony, he acquired their language, and you can scarcely light upon any of the stirring times in the history of New England, during his life, without meeting him as an active and kindly negotiator and a wise, peace-maker. His interest was almost inexplicable, for, by an effort of his will, he more than once, when a war between two hostile tribes had been determined upon in the most solemn manner, interposed with the most rapid and perfect success. Banished from Massachusetts, he sought the banks of Providence river, and was received with open arms by Canonicus, chief of the Narragansetts, who possessed the whole of the right bank. With a faithful band of followers, he chose the present site of the city. 'I called it,' says he, 'Providence, that it might be a refuge for persons distressed for the conscience's sake.' Combining the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove, he early procured from the first Charles, with the assistance of the noble Vane, a charter, whose wise provisions have not been changed for two hundred years. It is pleasant to dwell upon the lives of such men, so happy in their deeds, so wise in their minds, and so noble in their hearts. To this man no lengthened biography has done justice, but the age will yet witness a fervent revival not only of his life, but also of his doctrines, and place among its household words the name of good Roger Williams.

Ay, reader: if within thy heart there dwelleth the worship of such true heroes, be it warm or be it cold, thank that Great Spirit, who has left no age in the history of our planet without some altars on which the sacred fire should never die out. It is an exercise of memory, whose sadness is mellowed into something undefinably holy, to recall the characters of the departed, even from the records of two hundred years, and our loving hearts would uselessly atone for the neglect and the scorn experienced by these daring pioneers. And, yet, it is not too late; for the good are even now in every land walking to and fro upon the earth, laboring and toiling ere the night come. And why need I have sighed over the past? In this city of Providence I waited only for the vessel which was to carry me to the feet of one who is since dead, and yet still lives: whose form we shall see no more, but whose voice shall live with our language: whose worth and genius belong to no nation and to no creed, but are the property of all mankind: whose name the world knows—William Ellery Channing.

It was about noon that I reached his house, about five miles distant from Newport, in Rhode Island, and crossed the threshold of the neat and tasteful villa which had long been his summer residence. I was ushered into a small but comfortable apartment, the walls of which were partially covered with pictures and book-cases. During the brief interval, I began to imagine the face and manner of one whom I had always looked upon through such a medium as that of his works, and to think how far my high standard should be lowered, as I might well expect it should be. He came; he saw; he twice conquered. I found, in the mild, soft glance of the eye, the sunken cheek the delicate outline of face, and the invalid character of its whole *contour*, the man of refinement and the scholar, chastened by a spirituality which cannot be described. His manner, as might be expected, to one almost a stranger, was comparatively constrained at first; but this quickly disappeared, and I could only remark a certain articulate and deliberate mode of speaking which seemed habitual to him. His voice was clear and well modulated, and unusually clear from provincial or natural accent or intonation. When his first salutation was over he commenced asking me a number of questions, to many of which I was unable to reply. He would then make his own remarks upon their subjects, and show how wide his mind travelled for the honey it was storing up for others. It was his pleasure to speak, it was my privilege to hear, while, for more than an hour, he elicited, from my brief replies, thoughts whose utterance were singly, worth a lifetime of many minds. England, Scotland, and Ireland: their inhabitants might have been his brothers: he knew the wrongs of each, episcopal, political, and social, and prophesied their speedy removal. He might have lived in the old world. I could not think while he spoke how he could have been thought repulsive by any one who had seen him, and talked with him, even for ten minutes. With one feature in his conversation I was much struck. It was in the quiet politeness with which, after lengthened sentences, he paused, so as to give time for any remark or reply; and, yet, if it was not made, to resume, without seeming to suspend the thread of the discourse. This seemed to have become quite involuntary with him.

He invited me to walk round his garden, and we went slowly round, as he pointed out the different plants and the peculiarities of climate and growth connected with each. We paced frequently an avenue confined on either side by tall hedges, and covered with grass under foot, his frequent and favorite walk. I thought of the lettered Pliny and his elegant villa at Laurentinium, with its sheltered walks, with soft acanthus and clustering vines. A nobler than Pliny was here: a man whose serene and steady soul had battled with the wronged and fought for the right: which had not talked much to the world in books, and had yet breathed winged words.—Napoleon, stripped of his false and fleeting glories: war, laid with its bleeding trophies, shamed by the marble whiteness, on the altar of Christianity: the toiling masses of his countrymen, elevated by his noble maxims and cheered by his hopeful words, glided in rapid succession through my mind. Reader, I cherish the memory of that hour, not as the picture of what is past, but as an ever-present and enduring gift, upon which, as upon a talisman, I can often look in the midst of the ordinary pursuits of life, and rise up refreshed and elevated.

The sound of the dinner-bell summoned us to the house, and I found a long table surrounded by Dr. Channing's relatives and friends. He himself was as gentle and polite a host as I ever remembered, and the conversation assumed all the playful and agreeable tone of a social and intelligent circle. Little could the heart have made the sorrowful prophecy that he would have been taken from them and the world so soon. Just as we had finished dinner, a gentleman was announced who was going to Europe, and had called to bid Dr. Channing farewell. We both saw him for the last time.

In his death and the blank he has left behind, we see the importance of the station he held as a citizen of the United States. What were the highest statesmen in the country to him, with his purity of character and purpose? Armed with this weapon, he freely and fearlessly attacked them, and State secretaries and cabinet ministers quailed before one who was greater than them all. A single citizen may be said to have prevented the dimming of his country's stars, by adding one, which, in the annexation of Texas, sought to crown its deeds of high-handed robbery with perfect impunity. Slave-owning statesmen, in a slavery abjuring Republic, trembled before his searching words, as he wrote in all the spirit of Christianity, and separated the owner from the slave; the hideous system from its double victim, the master and his serf. That living voice, quickened in its action by his life and example, will rest neither day nor night; but, with all the power of truth and the influence of importunity, will yet perform its office in the successful efforts of all good men to redeem the rights of humanity and the honor of their country.

I found my new companion, a Boston man, agreeable, and, I need not add, intelligent. We spent the evening of this eventful day together, wandering round the pretty town and by the sea shore. We watched the sunset from an eminence which commanded a fine view of land and water, and was crowned with an old building, not the least interesting object about the spot. It is a sort of low tower, in height about two stories, with round arches on every side. Its construction is rude but strong, and it has evidently been a place of refuge. It has some resemblance to the body of a windmill at a short distance. Its history is entirely unknown, and tradition has left no record of its date. It has evidently not been the work of the Indians, and it has lately been surmised, as the reader will see in the notes to Mr. Longfellow's ballads, to have been the work of the Danes, or some other northern tribe, whose very early visits to these shores are being every day more confirmed. It is unquestionably of great age, and, I need not say, the more interesting on that account, in a land where every thing is new in art, if old in nature. Beneath its old walls we rested, and, while gazing on the bay beneath saw the moon rise round and large out of the watery horizon. This night, to me almost the last I should know on a translantic shore, was truly magnificent, and, as hour after hour flew by, seemed to gather fresh charms. The evening breeze had fallen to a dead calm, and, we walked on the soft turf that fringed the shore, no sound disturbed the silence but the deep, measured beat of the surf on the white and sandy shore. Fancy could tread the brilliant line of silver light that stretched into infinitude, far, far away to the east; even to the sea-girt isles, between which and the spot where we stood, there lay nothing but the wide ocean. The air was warm as if it was day, and we did not quit the waters side till we had battled with the surf and swam in the clear waters of Narragansett Bay. The very name was musical, and recalled its possessors, to whom history has not done justice in its meagre records.

* The magistrates insisted on the presence of every man at public worship. Williams reprobated the law: the worst statue in the English code was that which did but enforce attendance at the parish church. 'No one should be bound to maintain a worship against his own consent.' What! exclaimed his antagonists, amazed at his tenets, 'is not the laborer worthy of his hire?' 'Yes,' replied he, 'from those that hire him.'—[Bancroft's History of the United States.

WIDOWHOOD INDEED.

A Tale of Anguish.

'He was an only son, and his mother was a widow.'

We turned into a narrow street, and shielded ourselves from the piercing north-wester that had been for some minutes blowing, showing us that our cloaks were not wholly weather proof, it was certainly a comparative pleasure after such a searching blast, to stand in the lee of the houses; and as soon as the blood began to circulate a little, we considered what should be our next step in the errand which we had undertaken to perform, when our attention was arrested by sounds of wailing from the house near which we were standing; and as the evidences of sudden grief continued we felt emboldened if not called on by our mission, to knock at the door. We repeated this several times but as there was no answer, we determined to enter. Raising the latch with some force in order to arrest attention, we opened the door and stepped into a small parlor; there was no entry.' The noise of opening the door had called from the adjoining room, a female, whose countenance was marked by the deepest grief. She started at our appearance, but with a courtesy natural to her sex, pointed to a chair near a stove.

We apologized for our unbidden entrance by stating that her exclamations of distress had seemed to give warrant for our boldness, as we were in the discharge of our duty to a class in which she seemed to be included.

There was no answer; but it was evident that all feeling was merged in one overwhelming grief, and the sobs which shook the frame of the afflicted one were rather evidences of its concealment, than attempts at its expression.

'Are your sufferings,' said my companion, respectfully approaching the female, 'of a kind which we can mitigate? Our means, whatever they are, shall be cheerfully devoted to that purpose.'

'Unless you can bring back to my arms a husband who has been dead for months, and restore to my bosom an only child, stretched out on yonder bed, you cannot minister to my suffering.'

We knew too well the feelings of a mother to attempt formal consolations in the freshness of her bereavement, and so we mingled a tear with the childless widow, conscious that sympathy would do more than advice.

The door of the little room was open, and the light from a window fell upon a bed. The suffering widow trembled as she turned her face in that direction.

We followed her.

The little one lay upon the bed in the newness of death. Sickness had not emaciated the face, nor pain disturbed the features. It was the beauty of quiet. Silence and rest had set their seal upon his lips; but the blue vein lay across his temple and down his cheek, as if the current of life had only paused in its career, not chilled. The thin silky lock of hair that lay upon the forehead of the dead child, trembled in the agitation of the air as we approached, but settled still again upon the brow to whose glossy whiteness marble is a poor comparison. The long eyelashes were in beautiful relief to the delicate skin over which they hung, and served to shade the eye-balls, where alone death seemed to have set his seal. As we gazed upon the beautiful object before us, the grief of the mother broke out afresh. We felt that something should be said.

'The Lord gave,' said my companion, as he took the mother's hand from the cold tiny fingers of the boy, 'the Lord gave this treasure.'

'Who else, O, who else could have given such a one?' said the woman gazing downward upon the bed.

'And the Lord hath taken away,' added my friend.

A shivering of the mother's frame indicated that she was sensible her comfort was taken away.

'Let us then, bless the name of the Lord continued my friend.

'O! not now—not yet—I cannot do it with that form before me. Let me grieve without reproaching my Maker, but I cannot mock him with blessings. It may prove good to me to have been afflicted; but while the heart is bleeding with the freshness of its wound, 'I may, like Rachael, refuse to be comforted.'

With due respect for the sacredness of her recent grief, we led the mourner away from the sight of her child with a view of proposing to her, as soon as possible, some plan of decent sepulture.

The room indicated poverty but not squalidness. There was a sad deficiency in the means of comfort, but what there was bore evidences of being the remainder of a sufficiency. Entire neatness distinguished every thing, but even the clothes upon the bed were insufficient for necessary warmth; and chairs and tables had gone to provide for herself and little one, when the sickness of the child had prevented her from work.

While we were arranging the measure which should insure decent burial to the child, a slight noise from the bed room attracted my attention. I went to the bed.

A small dog was lying at a little distance from the dead child, and gazing intently into his unchanging face. The affectionate animal had reached forward to lick the cheek of the boy, but its coldness prevented a repetition, and he contented himself with constant watching and an occasional low moan.

'Poor Rolla,' said the mother, who had followed me to the bedside, 'poor Rolla, he feels but does not understand his loss. He has always been the companion of Henry, and he is now one of his mourners.'

There came afterwards a plain carriage to take away little Henry in his coffin, and his afflicted mother. At the gate of the grave yard my friend and I met the carriage. The sexton took the coffin and proceeded. My friend placed the widow's arm within his own and helped her onward, and I followed them, but not alone, poor Rolla joined the little procession and completed its numbers.

The solemn service was performed by my friend to the scanty congregation disturbed only by the deep sobs of the mother.

At length the sexton prepared to fill in the earth; the anguished mother bent over the little resting place of her boy, and with heart rending grief took leave of the last human being with whom she could claim affinity; she turned and moved slowly away. Rolla paused, as if in doubt whether to follow the living, or lie down and rest with the beloved dead. The widow remembered her faithful companion, and called on him to follow. Rolla looked wistfully at the grave for a time, and then obeyed. Heart broken, the widow, with her sympathizing dog returned to that desolate home once made cheerful by the presence of her husband and her child.

THE IRISH WIFE.

A lean, pale haggard-looking man, so striking a contrast to the Kerry farmer, as to be absolutely startling, advanced to the table, at which sat the patient and good-tempered secretary of the society, and asked if his reverence would be in shortly? A pretty, delicate-looking young woman, very scantily clad, but perfectly clean, was looking over his shoulder as he asked the question. 'I think I have seen you before, my good man,' said the secretary, 'and its not many weeks ago.' It was more his brother than he—it was indeed,' answered the haggard man's wife, courtesying and advancing a little before her husband. He interrupted her. 'Dont try to screen me, Nelly, I dont deserve it from you. See the way I beat her last night, gentlemen, on both arms, like a brute as I was.' 'It was'nt you, dear, said the young woman, drawing her thin shawl more closely over her bruised arms; 'It was the strength of the spirits did it, and not himself—he's as quiet a man as there's in the city o' Cork when he's sober; and as find a workman; and he would'nt hurt a hair of my head, barrin' he was in liquor.' The poor creature's affectionate appeal on behalf of her erring husband was interrupted by the secretary again demanding if he had not taken the pledge before? 'I did it sir—stand back Nelly, don't try to screen me. I came here and took it from father Macleed—and, God forgive me, I broke it too. I broke it last night or rather all day yesterday, and,' 'never heed telling any more about it, James' dear' said the wife eagerly, 'never heed telling any more about it. A man may be overtaken once, and yet make a fine Christian after all. You would'nt be sending him from the priest's knee because he broke it once. When, as I said before, it was his brother was in it, and not he, only for company.' 'I had no heart to come this morning, only for her,' said the husband, 'she remembered his reverence preaching about there being more joy in heaven over one like me, than ninety and nine good men. Oh! if she would let me tell the wickedness of my past life, and the sin and shame that have followed me.' 'It was the drink, James it was the drink,' reiterated the wife earnestly. 'Do not be distressing yourself, for it was nothing but the drink. Sure, when sober, there isn't a more loving husband, or tenderer father on Ireland's ground—and now you'll be true to the pledge, and its happy we'll be, and prosperous—for the master told me this blessed morning, that if he coold depend on you for soberness, you'd earn twenty-five shillings a week, and have the credit to be a Monday man, and you will James—you will—for my sake, and for the sake of the children at home.' 'Ay,' he interrupted, 'and for the sake of the broken-hearted mother that bore me—and for the sake of little Mary whom I crippled in the drink. O! when the sweet look of that baby is on me—her sweet patient look—I think the gates of heaven can never open for such a sinner!' While he made this confession, his arms hung powerless by his side; and his pallid face lengthened into an expression of helpless, hopeless, irreclaimable misery. The wife turned and burst into tears. Several evinced the qick sympathies of Irish natures; for they shudered and murmured, 'The Lord be betwixt us and harm, and look down upon them both!' The woman was the first to recover consciousness; impelled by a sudden burst of feeling, she threw her bruised arms round her husbands neck, recalling him to himself by all the tender phrases of Irish affection. We can never forget the agonized earnestness with which the unhappy man took the pledge, the beautiful picture of his gentle and endearing wife, as she stood beside him; or the solemn response that followed from a score of voices, 'O then, God strengthen thee to keep it!'—*Ireland by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall.*

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